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THE

# MONTH

JULY 1955

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GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

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BARBARA ROCHFORD

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# ST. MARGARET OF SCOTLAND

By

GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

SINCE SAINTS are canonised not for themselves but for us, their relevance as saints lies in what they bequeathed a world that they renounced in life. On a Sunday early in June every year some fifteen thousand Scots go by train and car and charabanc to the ruins of an abbey and a royal palace in the Fife town of Dunfermline. The abbey church has been restored not for these modern petrol and steam-propelled pilgrims but, with a slightly shamefaced concession, for the religious heirs of those who desecrated it. The pilgrims hear Mass in a football field. They come largely from desolate industrial colonies, places black and bleak with the failure of hope in a material order, utterly remote from the medieval world that was the setting for the life of St. Margaret whose long-empty tomb brings them to Dunfermline.

A medieval queen hardly seems a person relevant as exemplar to what we are told is the Age of the Common Man. We can see the point of an exponent of the Little Way, or of a working-girl saint: but a queenly lady-bountiful seems to belong rather to some fairy-tale existence quite out of fashion, somebody to be confined in an ivory-tower of escape. Yet, after all, is escape so out of fashion? Is it not perhaps in greater demand than ever before?

There is plenty of it about. The common man has been satiated and nauseated with commonness. He can bear it so little that vast and highly articulate industries have grown up to propagate escape into uncommonness, or, should one say, commonness has had to be particularised? The system of star-making by which comparatively ordinary individuals are boosted and spotlighted, presented on a grotesque scale in cinemas or more intimately purveyed by television, is in part a compensation by which we

may all see ourselves as potentially important. Particular qualities, if only of the female figure, are extolled, or invented, by which the commonplace may be seen as exceptional, record-breaking, sufficient. Never before can triviality have been so exalted. It is the fruit of a great falsehood at the root of the idea of the common man. Like the brotherhood of man that does not recognise the fatherhood of God, it is the abuse of a divine truth, an effort to restate in human terms man's equality before God.

The Star system is profoundly unspiritual. It, with psychological self-analysis, is the very antithesis of the injunction of St. John of the Cross to "seek to be unknown to others and to oneself." Saints, we know, have habitually been fiercely opposed to personal publicity, acutely aware of its penalties, full of dread of its dangers. Nowadays even quite kindly and decent creatures rush in where the saints were fearful of treading.

It is the ordinariness of our personalities that we are boosting under the guise of the exceptional. Kings and queens, even though they might tend to forget it, could know that it was their office, not themselves, that claimed *réclame*. On the best of them it made the demand of a duty, presenting not so much glory as responsibility. Anyone concerned primarily to do a good job of work is suspicious and resentful of the glamour-light, knowing it spurious and only dangerous.

St. Margaret had queenship thrust upon her. She had wished to be a nun. She was an English princess, but her background was European rather than English. Her father, a prince in exile, the son of Edmund Ironside, married a German princess, probably niece to the wife of St. Stephen, King of Hungary. It was in the Hungarian court that Margaret was brought up and was able to observe sanctity at first hand, the sanctity, moreover, of a ruler. Again when, as a girl of about twelve, in the year 1057 she came to England it was to the court of another saint, Edward the Confessor. She could hardly have had a better schooling for the job ahead of her. After the death of Edward and the submission of England to the Normans, Margaret with her mother and brother and sister took refuge in Scotland. They were kindly received by the Scottish king, Malcolm Canmore, the "Great Leader," although he was at the time engaged in taking a bloody revenge on their country.

Malcolm fell in love with Margaret and eventually persuaded her to marry him. Their life together was recorded by Margaret's confessor, Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews. Turgot's memoir was written after her death at the request of her elder daughter, Matilda, queen of Henry I of England. It is a little formal and courtly, but, despite some gaps, contains many happy touches.

By the help of God she made him most attentive to the works of justice, mercy, almsgiving, and other virtues. From her he learnt how to keep the vigils of the night in constant prayer.

In church no one was so silent and composed as she, no one so wrapt in prayer. Whilst she was in the house of God she would never speak of worldly matters, or do anything which savoured of the earth; she was there simply to pray, and in praying to pour forth her tears.

Thanks to their mother's religious care, her children surpassed in good behaviour many who were their elders; they were always affectionate and peaceable among themselves, and everywhere the younger paid due respect to the elder. Thus it was that during the solemnities of the Mass, when they went up to make their offerings after their parents, never on any occasion did the younger venture to precede the elder; the custom being for the elder to go before those younger according to the order of their birth.

Her chamber became "a workshop of sacred art: in which copes for the cantors, chasubles, stoles, altar-cloths, together with other priestly vestments and church-ornaments of an admirable beauty, were always to be seen, either already made or in course of preparation."

But there was a serious, difficult problem facing Scotland, the problem presented by the Culdees (*Cele De*, one who had devoted himself to the service of God), the monks of the Celtic Church. Margaret's solution of this problem is a major event, and one of the happiest, in Scottish history. The Celtic Church which was sustained by so many remarkable men in Scotland and Ireland and Wales had, considering the long period in which it was cut off, isolated in small communities by pagan invaders from Scandinavia, heroically sustained the Faith, but there were points of procedure on which it had come to differ. Small points they might chiefly be, but small points are the seedbed of heresy and schism, and there can be no doubt that Margaret's gentle and

understanding approach in council achieved reconciliation where bigoted action would have been disastrous.

The queen introduced the subject under discussion by premising that all who serve one God in one faith along with the Catholic Church ought not to vary from that Church by new or far-fetched usages. She then laid it down, in the first place, that the fast of Lent was not kept as it ought to be by those who were in the habit of beginning it on the Monday of the first week in Lent; thus differing from the Holy Catholic Church, which begins it on the fourth day of the previous week at the commencement of Lent. The opponents objected thus: "The fast which we observe we keep according to the authority of the Gospel, which reports that Christ fasted for six weeks." She replied by saying: "Herein you differ widely from the Gospel, wherein we read that Our Lord fasted for forty days, a thing which notoriously you do not do. For seeing that during the six weeks you deduct the six Sundays from the fast, it is clear that thirty-six days only remain on which to fast. Plainly, then, the fast which you keep is not that fast of forty days which is commanded by the Gospel, but consists of six and thirty days only. It comes then to this, you ought to do as we do. Like us, you should begin your fast four days before the first Sunday of Lent; that is, if you wish, according to Our Lord's example, to observe an abstinence of forty days. If you refuse to do this, you will be the only persons who are acting in opposition to the authority of Our Lord Himself and the tradition of the entire Holy Church." Convinced by this plain demonstration of the truth, these persons began henceforth the solemnities of the fast as Holy Church observes them everywhere. The queen now raised another point.

She asked them to explain why it was that on the festival of Easter they neglected to receive the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ according to the usage of the Holy and Apostolic Church? They answered her thus: "The Apostle when speaking of persons who eat and drink unworthily, says that they eat and drink judgment to themselves. Now, since we admit that we are sinners, we fear to approach that mystery, lest we should eat and drink judgment to ourselves." "What!" said the queen to them: "Shall no one that is a sinner taste that holy mystery? If so, then it follows that no one at all should receive it, for no one is pure from sin; no, not even the infant, who has lived but one day upon the earth. And if no one ought to receive it, why did the Lord make this proclamation in the Gospel? 'Except you shall eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.' But if



you would understand the passage which you have quoted from the Apostle according to the interpretation of the Fathers, then you must give it quite a different meaning. The Evangelist does not hold that all sinners are unworthy of the sacraments of salvation; for after saying 'He eateth and drinketh judgment to himself,' he adds, 'Not discerning the Body of the Lord'; that is, not distinguishing it by faith from bodily food. It is the man who, without confession and penance, and carrying with him the defilements of his sins presumes to approach the sacred mysteries, such a one, I say it is, who eats and drinks judgment to himself. Whereas we who many days previously have made confession of our sins and have been cleansed from their stains by chastening penance, by trying fasts, by almsgiving and tears—approaching in the Catholic faith to the Lord's Table on the day of His Resurrection, receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, the immaculate Lamb, not to judgment but to the remission of our sins, and as a health-giving preparation for eternal happiness." To these arguments they could not answer a word, and knowing now the meaning of the Church's practices, observed them ever after in the sacrament of salvation.

Margaret seems to have respected the piety of the Celtic monks, perhaps even consulting them on things spiritual, but she insisted upon their conforming to the Universal Church in ritual. Turgot claims that Margaret also abolished a "strange rite," almost certainly a vernacular Mass, although in fact the Culdees were permitted to observe their own rite long after her day.

Extreme Celtophiles have sometimes accused Margaret of destroying the Celtic tradition of Scotland. It is not a reasonable accusation. Countries cannot well or wisely seal themselves against outside influence. Isolation is not the achievement of a healthy body politic but of oppression and violence. Scotland, like other lands, had been crushed in upon herself by barbarian assault during the Dark Ages. It was Margaret's tremendous achievement to open her doors to the full wealth of the Western European tradition, not by way of conquest and bloodshed but by the joyous generosity that is the gift of the saint. Although she herself was to die, after the manner of saints, at a moment when everything seemed lost, her husband and eldest son killed and a rebel army marching on Edinburgh, so that she was conscious only of defeat and loss and failure, she was to bequeath to



Scotland that country's Golden Age, the happiest two hundred years of her history, far more peaceful years than England knew at the same time. Turgot makes particular reference to Margaret's motherhood, the careful upbringing she gave her children, and this had direct bearing upon their country's future since three of her sons became in turn Kings of Scotland. Each proved himself an exceptional man and ruler, and the youngest of them, David I, was, like his father, canonised in popular acclaim.

With some knowledge of history it is not difficult to see Margaret, queen and saint, as plainly one of the decisive influences in the Scottish story. But Scottish history is hardly taught in Scottish schools, and what little reference is made to it is generally garbled and unrevealing. To most of that ever-increasing throng of pilgrims who go each year to Dunfermline, St. Margaret is more of a dream figure, a fairy-tale medieval queen in tinsel and technicolour. Yet it is at least vaguely known that she worked daily amongst the poor and the diseased and crippled, looking after them with her own hands, like a St. Vincent de Paul or a Sister of Charity.

She ordered that nine little orphans utterly destitute should be brought into her at the first hour of the day, and that some soft food such as children at that tender age like, should daily be prepared for them. When the little ones were carried to her she did not think it beneath her to take them upon her knee, and to get their pap ready for them, and this she put into their mouths with the spoon which she herself used.

It is accepted that she was a devoted wife and mother and a lover of prayer. The saint has invaded the never-never land of escape and heroic romance, the world impersonated by film-stars whose own love-lives are squalid with unregenerate adolescence. Escape is led captive to the foot of the Cross. What is today called glamour is there, the beautiful blonde with the crown and the flowing robes and the suggestion of stilted speech, but the picture is pierced by the universal reality from which men try in vain to escape. The glamour-girl does nothing so facile as live happy-ever-after with her royal wooer, but she answers the plain, uncompromising demand of duty, only pressing to give far beyond what is demanded, and her last scene is a deathbed formidable with apparent failure and defeat, from which she cries: "Praise and blessing be to thee, O Almighty God, that

thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins; and thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of Thy Father, hast given life to the world by Thy death, O! deliver me."

Margaret was buried at Dunfermline in the noble church she had founded there. She was canonised formally by Pope Innocent IV in the year 1250, and her body was transferred to a new and splendid tomb in the Lady Aisle. From then until 1560 lights were kept burning before this tomb. They went out with the Reformation and the tomb itself was struck down. Mary Queen of Scots succeeded in rescuing Margaret's head, still remarkably preserved, with fair hair. A Benedictine monk took care of it on Mary's flight to England and passed it on to the Jesuit missionaries, one of whom brought it to Antwerp. Early in the seventeenth century it was taken to the Scots College at Douay. It disappeared in the French Revolution. Other remains of Margaret and her husband went to Spain, from whence in the last century a relic was brought back to Scotland by Bishop Gillis.

An interesting secondary relic of Margaret is in the Bodleian Library. This is a gospel-book purchased by the Library in 1887 and then supposed to be of fourteenth-century date. It was later identified as belonging to the eleventh century and by some Latin verses written on a fly-leaf as being the very book mentioned by Turgot as having fallen into a river and being recovered some little time later remarkably undamaged save for a slight crinkling of the first and last pages. It had lost the fine bejewelled case with which Malcolm Canmore liked to honour the books that gave his wife delight. "Although he could not read, he would turn over and examine books which the queen used either for her devotions or her study; and whenever he heard her express especial liking for a particular book, he also would look at it with special interest, kissing it, and often taking it into his hands."

The building that has the most immediate association with St. Margaret is not the revised version of her church at Dunfermline but the little chapel that was her oratory on the extreme summit of the Castle rock of Edinburgh. It is the oldest building in Edinburgh. There was possibly a chapel on the site before St.

Margaret's day, and her chapel has been altered, but it still seems very much hers. It occupies the same space, only twenty-six feet by ten, its walls substantially those built for her, dressed square blocks of freestone, now with some rubble work above, and some below inserted when the chapel was underpinned for the cutting of a roadway in the sixteenth century. The serene, semi-circular, stone-vaulted apse—surprising, since the outer wall is square—is original, although the little Norman arch separating it from the nave was probably introduced by one of her sons. The vault of the nave and other details date from the early nineteenth century when, after long disregard, the chapel was once again respected. It has triumphantly survived the stormy history of the Castle. In 1313 when the whole Castle was razed by the Scots to keep it from the English, the chapel was reverently spared at Bruce's command. After the Reformation it became the gunners' storehouse, a function many old buildings have failed to survive, and a Reformed church was built alongside. The Reformed church has gone, but St. Margaret's chapel remains, the lofty foundation-stone of Edinburgh, high up over the city that became, under St. Margaret's sons, the capital of her country: a lovely, patient casket of stone which seems to enshrine a cadence of her prayer.

Although lives today may largely seem little lives, with humdrum environments and monotonous jobs, men are not convinced that that is enough. If they were there would be no place for the film industry and the TV personality. Little lives need big escapes, and make sure of getting them: when they are little and brittle enough they are simply insupportable without dream-worlds. Margaret was a queen in a world that it is at least easy to imagine as fresh and gleaming: but this bright setting made no difference to the demand upon her, and the real radiance of her life came from her response. In the queer black jungles planted by industrialism the true inheritors of St. Margaret may be found, unhelped by their environment yet with the same Faith. Her life is an answer to the unquiet misgiving that if we had had a chance our own lives might have been splendid, "all glorious without." "Rather blessed are they who hear the Word of God and keep it."

In that realisation suddenly we do seem to share Margaret's

glory, the poetry of it, the inscape of it. Now no longer escape, no longer substitute for the brightness that is missing from smoke-shrouded streets, but as part of the one unchanging redemption, whose existence is acknowledged in our very muddled creed of escape, the sanctification that does not depend upon the world about us.

*Sancta Margarita, ora pro nobis.*

## THE NIGHT

By

BARBARA ROCHFORD

### I

THE BWANA bid his headman goodnight, and climbed into the Land Rover. He looked at his watch—just ten o'clock: if he were not home soon Mary would grow anxious about him. He supposed it *was* worth while coming down to his labour lines like this at night, to encourage his Africans and teach them how to defend themselves! Heaven knew, poor devils, they needed all the encouragement they could get; but he wondered how effectively they would really protect themselves when the time came. In the day it was alright—men were still human by daylight: but as night fell all the land was the domain of the enemy—the Whites and the “loyal Kikuyu” barricaded themselves into their houses and their stockades, while the werewolves prowled around at will in the darkness. And what, in any case, did one mean by that foolish phrase “loyal Kikuyu”? Loyal to what? To a sovereignty they did not understand? To his own person? Perhaps a few. To the Christian law of right and wrong? To the plausible, poisonous idealisms that the Mau Mau had so cleverly twined into their desire for land? To their own families, whose lives were in constant danger? He did not even know how many

of them were on his side, nor how long those who were would remain so, if they heard the summoning knock on the door.

He hated these night patrols, when he had to leave his wife and family like this in the lonely house. Mary would keep her head, of course; the house was well fortified, and she had a gun, and a Very pistol with which to call for help. But it was a damnable situation when he had to leave his own people to their danger! It was the price you paid for living in Africa: everyone who worked for you became an added liability, like an extra child; and it was not within your power to wash your hands of them. And the irony of it all was that this was the very fact that they resented! They did not even like the patronage you had to give them!

He often wondered how Mary spent her thoughts during the hours that he left her alone. Fortunately, however, this time he knew what she would be doing—she would be sprawling on the carpet cutting out cotton dresses as Christmas presents for the little daughters of their loyal African labourers. Normally she just gave them their pieces of cloth; but this year she had conceived the idea that it would somehow help Race Relations if she made them up with her own hand. Personally he thought it a daft idea, especially in view of her outstanding lack of skill in dressmaking; but if it gave her an occupation during these lonely evenings, he was all in favour of it! And thus tonight he had left her attacking a particularly startling cotton print (it had huge red poppies, on a black and white background) which she thought would appeal to their headman's eight-year-old daughter, Wanjiro—Wanjiro with her straight, thin body and oval face, and great, innocent eyes; Wanjiro, who accepted her way of life without questioning, and went to work every day in her mother's patch of shamba, with her large baby brother strapped upon her back. Above all the others, Mary cherished a soft spot for her, for there was something in her guileless face, and in the uncomplaining courage of her bearing that typified much of what was still lovable in this terrifying corner of Africa.

Mary would have to work hard at this task of hers, for it was now only a fortnight to Christmas. Already he had seen in African eyes the anticipation of the great feast day—an anticipation not of joy (except amongst the fanatic Christians, with whom it assumed a sort of triumphant defiance) but of apprehension. For both sides



could celebrate Christmas; and one could not easily forget how the Mau Mau had marked the day last year, with the massacre in the Aguthi location. He himself had seen some of the victims afterwards, in the native hospital; for they were not all dead, if you could call it life that lay mangled and useless on the beds of the hospital ward. It almost made you want to pray "Dear God, don't let it happen again"—but it was happening somewhere every night, on someone else's farm, in some other hamlet, if not here. And anyway, if there were a God who listened to such prayers, why did he let it happen at all?

He drove home fast, shuddering to think how close it was approaching—this ominous feast of peace on earth and goodwill to men.

The headman, Joshua, wished the Bwana goodnight, and locked the high gate of the barbed wire compound. Inside his quarters his wife and Wanjiro and the baby were already asleep, since there is no point in staying awake long after nightfall; and in the other huts around him his men had also closed their doors, and would be sleeping in five minutes. And they would sleep soundly tonight, because the Bwana had visited them. Not that he, Joshua, deluded himself that the Bwana's presence held any talisman of safety—he knew well that the men of the night could close in on them just as easily now as at any other time, once they had heard him go. But there was something about his visits that gave them a temporary assurance, a feeling that they were part of an organisation far stronger than the enemy's, and that was bound to triumph in the end—which end was in fact almost in sight. One should sleep quickly, and take advantage of this feeling while it lasted—for it did not last for long! Tomorrow he would awake and find himself alone here, the leader of his fellow Africans: tomorrow his confidence would go. He knew this himself, and hoped that the others did not see it; but he rather thought that they did.

He realised, of course, that it was from no altruistic motives that the Bwana came down at night from the house, at some risk to himself, to encourage his labour, and instruct them in the art of self-protection. Was it not obvious that if those who worked for him were murdered he himself would starve, and that it was therefore in his own interests to protect them? Joshua did not blame him for this—on the contrary, being a shrewd man himself,

he respected logical behaviour in others. It was necessary to recognise other people's motives, that was all!

His own loyalty to the Bwana was, perhaps, partly a matter of sentiment, though even then not entirely so. He had worked for him since the time he left the mission school, twenty-five years ago; and that was a long time. He was a middle-aged man now, and it would upset his routine to change to any other master, or way of life; therefore he would remain loyal to his Bwana always. And anyway he was fond of the Bwana; not in the same, soft-eyed way that the master loved his own family—even his own land; but with a sort of solid liking, as though his existence were the tangible backbone of his life.

Being a Kikuyu elder, Joshua was of course proud of his own ability to take a detached view of things—to look at them from every angle, and read every motive behind the actions of all those whom he met. Thus he remembered with satisfaction that, although he himself had found it convenient to identify himself with the White Man's way of life, he had not necessarily allowed himself to be stampeded into assuming that it was the best. Take the important subject of education, for example: obviously it was the key to all progress, for without it one could not handle money, or own sophisticated things, or take any position of real importance in the country. Joshua himself had had a smattering of education, and could read and write—therefore he knew that this was so. But was the mission school the answer? Was not the White Man's God merely a convenient form of discipline invented by him to keep the African under control? Obviously yes; for the parson frequently urged him to attend church on Sundays, and yet the Bwana seldom did so. Compare that with his master's attitude to medicine and hygiene: *there* the White Man was more than careful to practise what he preached! Therefore it followed that God could not really be all that important.

Joshua did not repudiate his own religious background on this account, as that would have been impolite, and the African has a great regard for manners. But when his son grew old enough he sent him instead to an Independent School, where he could get the necessary education without the embarrassment of the unnecessary religion. This was, of course, partly an experiment (what could one learn, after all, without experiment?) and he had by no means decided whether to take the same line with the baby



boy, when his time came. Between them was only Wanjiro; and being a girl, the question did not arise.

His elder son he had called Peter, partly after the Bwana, and partly because it was a Christian name of some importance. But when the boy joined his school he had insisted on being known by his native name of Karanja; and although his father had thought this silly, he had no choice but to accept it, since the boy would answer to nothing else. Joshua had been rather disappointed by the standard of teaching in the Independent School, as in spite of the expense, his son seemed to be learning even less than he had done. On the other hand, the character training was obviously taken seriously, and the boy had a sort of toughness and independence, and also a sense of nationalism, that far exceeded his father's expectations. He had also shown a laudable desire to get out into the world and improve himself, so much so that he had left school at the age of fifteen, and gone to work at the establishment on the main road that flattered itself by the name of a garage.

It was, of course, desirable that Karanja should know about the workings of such progressive things as motor cars, and Joshua was at first pleased at this development—until he met the others who worked there. And he did not like them, though he did not know why! He did not like their influence on the boy, nor their attitude towards himself. Moreover, although he visited the garage seldom these days (he had no time, of course), he now never found Karanja there—and he did not like them for that! He did not permit himself to wonder where the boy was, in case his mind would bring the answer that he feared, and knew to be true.

Instinctively he looked up to where Mount Kenya would be if there were a moon, but saw only darkness. Sometimes in the early, silver morning, or in the moonlight, the Bwana would look at that mountain with that distant, soft look in his eyes, as though it were inhabited by God; others—the old people, and some of the new nationalists—seemed to believe that it *was* God, though they were blinder to its beauty. Others, again, looked up to its wooded slopes with fear in their eyes. But to him, Joshua, it was just another fact in his life, like the Bwana; and it was not visible tonight because the new moon had not yet risen.

Upon the lower slopes of Mount Kenya Karanja lolled against a tree and felt sick, and triumphant. The sickness was purely

physical, of course; he was younger than most of them, and had not done these things before—had not known, in fact, that such acts existed; and had he been in a condition to discuss the matter within himself at all, he must have admitted that at first they had come as a shock to him. But that was where the moment of decision had come: he had seen in a flash that the only true course was to throw oneself into the whole truth with every fibre of one's soul, and thereby become part of the thing inseparably, and for ever. In that had been his achievement of manhood; in that his triumph.

He felt no pity for Joseph—or rather Kamau (one kept forgetting!) who was curled up in a little heap nearby, and wept in silence. He should have known it was no use setting about the thing half-heartedly, and holding back from that to which he was already committed. Moreover it was stupid of him, as the others would notice it, and put him through more ceremonies than the rest. In fact he, Karanja, would take an active part in assisting them to do so; for Joseph, who had grown up in his hamlet and shared his kinship, was now no more to him than a means whereby he might attract the attention of his leader towards himself, and gain the glory of his approval.

The Brigadier now lay sprawled by the hut, heavily and noisily asleep. *He* was a man indeed: a man of both physical and inner power whom to please was the essence of life, and to offend, its terror: a man whom one would gladly follow to the end of the earth! He had no beauty now, as he lay there, but that was because his heavy lids were closed over the fire of his eyes—those eyes from which there was no escape, from which nothing could hide; those eyes that could tear your will out of your brain and enslave it, blinded except to their dark light, and to the recognition of its own destiny.

And as the early sun arose, and the white mountain came out in all its bride-like loveliness, Wanjiro got up, carried her little brother out of the hut, and set about lighting the fire and drawing water for her father's breakfast. And since her little life had so few events to punctuate it, she thought with pleasure that it would not be long until the great day of Christmas, when the Memsahib would call her up to the house and give her a new and beautiful cotton cloth to drape around herself, and tie upon her narrow shoulder.

## II

So the days passed and Christmas came; and still nothing had happened. Not, thought Joshua, that that was any cause to forget one's fears: the moon was full now, and in the bright nights the enemy could move swiftly when they chose, and yet still take cover in the shadows. The township and the market still teemed with rumours, which curled cold fingers round one's heart. But this, at least, was Christmas Day; the day when one could eat one's fill, and have a few drinks (safe in the knowledge that it was justified), and feel the threat receding comfortably into the softer distance.

He sat now in his hut with his family around him, and the evening feast before them. They had had their usual Christmas gift of meat, tea and sugar, and the meal was, as usual, more marked for its quantity than anything else—the amount of meat (which they would probably finish) making it necessary to prepare a vast mound of *posho* to match. His wife presided proudly over the spread: she was not Karanja's mother, and was still in her twenties, young and comely enough in the firelight. Beside her sat Wanjiro in her new print frock. Joshua had, of course, heard all about the making of this dress from Thumbi, the house-boy (who had strong views on the mess it had made all over the house); and he looked at it with approval, as it was distinctly more progressive than her usual draped garments. He was surprised that the Memsahib had found it necessary to make it herself, instead of having it run up by the village tailor, as he himself would have done; and he assumed it was an indication of how hard the recent troubles were hitting the European pockets—as indeed the enemy intended they should! Still, there it was now, and Wanjiro looked very smart in it! Perhaps after all he ought to do more about his daughter—send her to school, or something like that. It would have its disadvantages, of course; she was useful at home, and her mother would certainly not approve of her removal. But one had to fight one's natural conservatism, and progress with the times; and it would certainly impress and edify the others. He would think about it further in the morning.

The only absent member of the family was Karanja; and, as he explained to the other men, it would not be reasonable to expect him to leave the garage at the time of a European holiday, when

there was a temporary boom in motoring. His neighbours nodded gravely and did not comment, for they were agreeing with what he thought—not what he said. And Mwangi nodded harder than the rest, for it was also many weeks since he had seen his own son, Joseph.

The food dwindled and the conversation grew slower, and would gradually give way to sleep. But Joshua had to restrain his appetite, as he had a rendezvous with the Bwana at nine o'clock, and would go round with him in the Land Rover and check the safety of the other groups of dwellings on the farm, before settling down for the night. He therefore got up, stretched, and shook off the cobwebs of sleep which were slowly spinning around him. Then he picked up his gun and unlocked the gate of the compound, shouting to the other men to lock it again behind him.

And as his footsteps died into the night the other silent feet crept towards the wire, the traitor hand softly unbarred the door, and the werewolves closed in around the lonely cluster of thatched houses.

The mother, who had been dozing, awoke at the smell of burning, and looked up to see the roof on fire. Screaming, and in panic, she ran out of the door: and after the sound of a shot, was silent. Wanjiro also knew that she must flee from the hut, since otherwise she would burn to death; so grasping the big baby in her strong arms, she also rushed through the doorway—into the arms of her other brother.

She had no time to suppose that he had come to save her, for he snatched the baby from her, and holding him by one ankle lifted his panga, and—but she closed her eyes and saw nothing more: heard only the ghastly shriek, which did not last for long. She was too frightened to move further now, or to open her eyes; and she stood petrified—felt him grab her shoulder, sensed the raising of his wet panga, and waited, because her time had come. And then nothing happened.

For Karanja changed his mind. He looked at his little half-sister and remembered how strong she was, and how obedient and submissive. Would it not be wasteful to slay her also? Other gangs in the forest had food-carriers, to wait on them: why should not they? Besides, though she was rather small, she was an un-

touched girl: could she not be used at their ceremonies? He felt sure that the Brigadier would have nothing but praise for his intelligence in adding such a one to the strength of the gang; and the warm feeling of that thought was all the reward he desired.

He therefore flung her back into the smoking hut to find her mother's market basket, and told her to fill it with maize and potatoes from their store, and follow him.

There were many hours of night before them in which to flee, and their flight was fitful and tortuous, crossing and recrossing rivers, darting from clump to clump of shadow, pausing for occasional minutes to listen, and then going on again, always upwards, always towards the forbidden land of that mountain. Now and then in the early part of the trek they were joined by others, and there would be a short exchange of greetings and accounts of the evening's work, before they would continue the climb together. In the end there must have been about twenty-five of them, amongst whom she recognised one, whose name had once been Joseph (but it was different now). No other women were with them; but Wanjiro assumed there would be some in the place to which they were going.

There was no long halt during that night—it seemed imperative to get as far as possible before daylight; and though they paused several times at the rivers, to drink and snatch hasty handfuls of food from their pockets, they seemed possessed by a frenzy, and had no need for rest. Wanjiro also drank when they did so, and for a long time felt no hunger, since her Christmas dinner stood her in good stead. But they went so fast, and were so much larger than she, that her small legs had difficulty in keeping up with them. Moreover they had no loads, such as hers, to carry. She knew that being a woman she was stronger than they, and should not notice the load; but it was the speed of their walking that worried her, and the way her brother harried her so when she lagged behind.

At last, with the merciful dawn, they came upon a shelter woven out of the forest, and settled down to rest. Karanja took her up and showed her to a man with cruel eyes, who had a lot of medals on his coat; and the man grunted a sort of begrudging approval, at which her brother smirked, in a manner that she had not remembered from the old days. She then laid down her basket and watched the men take large lumps of food from their pockets,



and eat, and fall asleep, with Karanja and Joseph set at the entrance of the shelter to keep guard.

And when all the others were sleeping Joseph pulled a piece of bread out of his shirt and gave some to her, looking nervously round to make sure that no one saw his act of Christian charity.

The Bwana's farm had been the highest in the neighbourhood, in the foothills of the mountain; and behind it the fingers of the rain forest ran down the ridges almost as far as his boundary. It was under cover of these strips of wood that the gang had taken their flight; but their destination was a camp some distance round the side of the mountain, so that they climbed not directly upwards, but traversing the slopes. This had involved crossing several streams, which obliterated the scent of their tracks, as they knew it would. In the first hour or two they had also been obliged to go warily round the patches of open land which provided grazing for the native cattle; but as they gained height the trees grew denser, and soon offered unbroken shelter all the way. They followed the elephant paths still, because the moonlight fell upon them, and they could see their way; but in the unlikely event of any threat they would need but a few paces to become invisible again. And it was near the top of this belt of rain forest that they had lain down at the approach of day, because they were tired, and could go no farther.

As evening approached the march began again, but with a different urgency. The frenzy of last night's deeds had carried them through many hours; but in their sleep it had left them, and they had now only their tired husks of bodies, in need of creature comfort—warmth, and cooked food, and something soft to lie on. They were indeed like those biblical characters from whom an evil spirit has gone out: empty and spent they were, and waiting for its return. In the comfort of their camp, not many hours distant, they would restore their bodies' strength, and then—ah, then, perhaps, would be the ritual that would rekindle also the fire in the soul!

Wanjiro, too, took up her load mechanically, for panic had given way to a sense of unreality, as though she walked in her sleep. Her body was stiff and aching, and her feet were very sore. Her mother's large string basket had too long a strap, and did not assume the right balance on her back. She tried to tie a knot in

its thong, to shorten it, but it kept coming undone. Her fine new dress was too long, and flapped wetly round her calves; and under her arms it was too tight. Undoubtly this was only because she was unaccustomed to wearing such splendour, for the Memsahib would certainly not have made it wrong; but she wished that she had had some other time in which to familiarise herself with its fashionable but uncomfortable style.

The great, draped trees of the rain forest gave way to bamboos, arching gracefully above the elephant paths which they still followed, and waving their moonlit leaves across the bright patches of night sky. The little Wanjiro who had lived at the farm would have loved to watch those leaves; but when you are a Kikuyu woman with your load, you can see only the ground around your feet. And anyway, she had no heart for joy, nor for anything else, save refreshment and rest. The camp to which they marched was to her as much a haven as it was to the men.

They reached it before midnight. It seemed to consist of a small clearing in the trees, and nearby a cavern hollowed out of the ground, large enough to hold all of them in a sort of squalid and comfortable fug. There were, moreover, a surprising assortment of things in the hide-out—blankets and mattresses, quantities of food, tins of all sizes, matches, bottles of paraffin, lamps—even an oil stove, which seemed to Wanjiro the height of luxury. Most of these, except for the blankets, were stacked in disorder near the entrance. The bedding occupied the far end of the room; and without further ado the men flung themselves amongst the blankets, and having indicated to Wanjiro that she should get on with the cooking, fell into the grotesque postures of public sleep.

She had no need to look around for women in the camp, for no woman could have endured the untidiness of this room, nor the wasteful abandon in which the heaps of food had been thrown together. Nevertheless, it is the custom of young Kikuyu girls to be kept very much to the company of their own sex, and therefore Wanjiro did not know what to do. Indeed it was obvious that she must prepare the food, but how could she do so here, alone, with all these sleeping men around her? There were no other huts or shelters outside, as there should be—only the small space in the trees, bitterly cold now, and open to all the animals of the forest. She had not thought of them before, when she was marching with



the men; but now that she was alone she had time to remember them.

Were they, on the other hand, any worse than the men in there? There was only one of them, Joseph, with whom she felt the kinship of human nature; and even he had seemed to want to offer her a blanket—and then did not, lest the others might see! And what right had she, a woman, to be standing here considering these things and fearing the cold? Her place was not in with the men. She must therefore make a fire in the clearing: if it were bright it would scare away the animals; if it were large it would keep her warm. And by using all the firewood that was so plentiful around her she could at least show the men that she was a thrifty housewife, and could save them from wasteful expense on paraffin.

So she helped herself to what she needed from the hide-out—matches, a four-gallon petrol tin for the water, and her own load of food—made a pile of brushwood in the clearing, and lit her fire. Its friendly crackle drowned the forest noises, though an aeroplane that droned overhead was still pleasantly audible (her only link with her small memory of the civilised world). She peeled the cobs of corn, and laid them on the flames to roast, much in the way that one would roast chestnuts. Then, with the four-gallon tin on her head, she set off towards the nearby sound of running water.

And the pilot in the plane above looked down in sudden surprise, laughing to think that even after all these months "they" could be such fools as to present him with the perfect target.

Wanjiro must have crouched for half an hour beside the stream, without stirring; and all the forest creatures huddled, like her, in silence. She had been stunned, perhaps; but it was mostly that she did not know what had caused the tremendous noise, so unlike anything that had ever crossed the narrow path of her life. Gradually, however, since nothing happened, she uncurled herself; and as it is with all mankind, curiosity overcame all things, and she crawled timidly back to the camp to explore the cause of the explosion.

Her fire still burned brightly, and the clearing seemed wider than before, so that a large band of moonlight streamed on to the scene. And what she saw was more awful than anything she had

ever dreamed of: not because the whole hide-out had collapsed, and the men lay dead and dying amongst its debris; not from the sight of blood, or of their misshapen bodies—but because of their faces. For the moon has no shades nor degrees of light: it paints its scenes mercilessly in black and white. And that which it painted now on those distorted faces was no vague and shadowy thing—it was the recognition of that for which they had lived and died; and it was sudden, and for ever.

And Wanjiro was alone.

She should have known that, had she waited there long enough, men would have come to examine their feat of destruction, and rescue her; or else, if she dared not stay, then she must return to the plains below, where once her friends had been. But for over twenty-four hours her feet had mechanically followed the command "Upward, upward"; and therefore now, in her terror, she fled *up* the mountain.

Only, though it seemed to her that she ran swiftly, and for miles, she did not see the pathetically small distances that she covered between her falls. She had already walked many times further than she had ever done in her life, and had only eaten one piece of bread in over a day; moreover she had never been alone before, and had no armament against the great panic that was upon her. The hollow boles of the giant bamboos around her grunted and creaked, and made unearthly sounds; when the wind stirred them they squeaked as they rubbed together—and who, in any case, was to say that it was the wind alone that stirred them? She had heard many and frightful tales of the animals that lived high in the forest—the elephants, and leopards, and others that moved for choice in the darkness. Amongst the roots of the trees little feet scampered, and little pairs of yellow eyes shone out at her; sometimes, too, they peered down at her from high in the branches; and there were creatures—monkeys, perhaps—swinging and rustling about, and challenging her with their senseless, harsh voices, as though inviting her to argument. Higher again, big black things with wide wings drifted uneasily across the patches of sky.

She fell again, and wished that the voices within her would be silent, instead of forever nagging her to go on. Her head and heart, and every pulse in her body, throbbed loudly in unison; and the noises around her were becoming rhythmic too, and joined

in their beating. She was too young to remember the days of the drums, but perhaps their rhythm was hereditary, and surged now, at the time of crisis, in her African blood. They were beating ever louder; they were crying "Run, Wanjiro; do not rest, do not pause, do not turn round, Wanjiro! That which you fear is behind you, and is catching up. The great unknown is pursuing you, Wanjiro. Do not rest, do not rest, for it has the face of death!"

The bamboos were getting smaller and stunted, and there were larger patches of light between them—even quite broad strips of grass, at times. She was coming out of the forest, and only a little way ahead were the open spaces, where she could wait for the dawn. She fell down again; the ground beneath her was strangely crisp, and crackled with the frost. But this time she could not go on. The nagging voices within her shouted louder and louder, but she could not heed them, for the call of rest was stronger still.

She curled up beneath a tree, and wished that she had on her old clothes, so that she could untie the knot on her shoulder and, in the custom of her people, draw the cloth over her face. The Memsahib's fine dress would not permit her even to draw the rag of security over her closing eyes. Now, instead, all the yellow eyes of the forest were watching her close them—and once closed, they would know that she had not even the thin shield of her own consciousness to protect her.

But consciousness was sinking with the other voices now, and the call of rest had won. And so she shut her eyes and fell, as she thought, asleep.

### III

The Bwana stood inside the compound with his headman beside him—and before them the reward of his fidelity. In the small cluster of huts only one family was left alive; and the very fact that they lived laid them open to suspicion. The others were all dead, and so there were none left to be comforted—none save Joshua, who stood there with a face like stone, his fingers curling and uncurling round his gun.

So this was hate! thought the Bwana. He could feel it seething in his own stomach, and it was similar to panic and fear—though its cause was different, and its end. And what else, in any case, was a man supposed to feel at a sight like this? He himself was a grown man, and civilised, and he would grip the animal within him and

hold it down; not, this time, because he could look upon it with his cool, rationalist eyes, but because the immemorial laws of Christianity were still in his western bones. But the Africans were the opposite. The best of them might well have accepted Christianity with their whole mind—he would not know; but how many of them had buried its roots deep in the old, old Africa of their hearts? Certainly not Joshua, whose foreign religion had no more than skidded over his agile and complicated mind!

One had, of course, heard rumours, and more than rumours, of how the loyal Africans sometimes got out of hand, and behaved little better than their bestial enemies. One had even heard it said of some of the young European boys whose duties, in this fantastic war, had thrown them too much into the company of the tribesmen whom they led. And the people in their comfortable armchairs far away, who had never seen a baby cut vertically in half like this, would click their teeth in pious horror when such facts were blurted out over the news, and turn the knob to dance music instead. But, except for the few real Christians, what had the great mass of Africans got except revenge?

He looked at Joshua's face, and was afraid for him.

Thank God, the Africans did not expect you to make hypocritical sounds of comfort—that at any rate would save the burden of false conversation! But Joshua was asking where Wanjiro was—and indeed it was true she had not been found here. Maybe she was still alive? He wondered whether it would be fair to raise that hope, or wiser not to risk it. Presumably she had been abducted; perhaps, in the unlikely event of a successful pursuit, she might even be found. But had he any right to suggest that to her father?

Right or wrong, the silence was unbearable after all. And therefore he spoke his more hopeful thoughts, and suggested that Joshua might join in the pursuit, when the dogs arrived. Since he was an African his dead were already finished to him, and the disposal of their bodies merely an embarrassment; far better to occupy his mind with the living!

But, as one might have expected, the hunt proved fruitless. The tracks led up towards the forest, were temporarily lost at the first river, picked up again after an hour's delay, and at the second water crossing lost completely. And long before evening fell, it was abandoned.

The next day's news of the bombing of a camp in the bamboos came as a surprise; and though there was no particular reason to suppose that it had any connection with the Christmas raid, there was always the faint hope; so the Bwana had no difficulty in arranging to go with the security forces to investigate. And since it was the custom of his kind to presume that any invitation made by his master lasted for always, Joshua was again at the side of the Land Rover at the time of the departure, and again accompanied the pursuers, a stone-faced passenger, carrying the load of his hate to its final destination.

They followed the new roads bulldozed by the Sappers up the mountain side, and with their help reached the scene of destruction the same day, before the beasts and birds of prey had had their night in which to visit it. And the sight remained indeed as terrible as Wanjiro had left it—the same recognition of their god was still written on the rigid faces; only this time it was Joshua that beheld it, and felt the longed-for glory of his revenge die in his last meeting with his son. And his stone heart acknowledged that which his mind had always known.

And still there was no Wanjiro.

The dog was restless, and seemed anxious to continue up the mountain: the gang, apparently, was not completely obliterated! The men followed mechanically, grateful for an excuse to turn their backs on hell; and trailed, unnoticing, up the bamboo fairy-land to the upper fringe of the forest. A mere mile, or less, it was, though its last wayfarer had taken so long to accomplish it; and at the end of it she lay there still—unhurt, thank God—untouched by the clean beasts of the forest, or by those others who had begun their lives as men.

At first the Bwana also thought that she was asleep, so quiet was her face; but when he saw its colour, and felt how cold she was, he knew it was no sleep from which she would ever wake again. For exhaustion is not lethal, nor is hunger, nor fear, nor the cold; but together they are a heavy battery to bring against a lonely little girl of eight years old!

He picked her up, because he knew Joshua would not like to do so, and carried her homewards, remembering with a shock the glaring print of the dress she was wearing. What would Mary think if she saw her clumsy handiwork now, so bedraggled after only two days' wearing? He hoped Wanjiro had liked it! Stupid,

what things made you want to cry; not the sight of all that horror below, not compassion at what must be raging in Joshua's soul—but but a bit of rag, dirty and torn, that two days ago had dazzled the eyes with its great red poppies, the absurd symbols of sleep.

He looked at the still face, over which no passion had swayed, no conflict, no understanding; and out of his subconscious memory, incongruously, a verse swam up into his mind:

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

With a man's awkwardness he laid her in the back of the Land Rover, arranging her dress around her as neatly as he could. Nothing could touch her now; and yet, as they drove back to civilisation, something in his mind restrained him, and he went slower and more smoothly than was his wont, for fear of disturbing the rest of his little enemy.



# ANGLICAN ORDERS

## I. *The Theology*

By

ANTHONY A. STEPHENSON

THE PRESENT STORM in the Church of England over the projected scheme for intercommunion with the Church of South India makes this an opportune moment for a concise and impartial discussion of the controversial question of the validity of Anglican Orders. Indeed for most "Anglican Papalists," as well as for the closely related group for whom some years ago the late Victor Roberts spoke in *In Terra Aliena*,<sup>1</sup> the question of the validity of their Orders is crucial, and belief in this validity is the sole barrier to their reconciliation to the Church from which they are regretfully in exile. In two striking sentences *In Terra Aliena* summed up the position of the group whose views it voiced:

We who belong to this minority admit that we are in schism, though not by our own fault, and we desire nothing more ardently than to be in visible communion with the Holy See. Our only reason for remaining in schism is that we cannot rid ourselves of the belief that the validity of Anglican Orders is a matter of *truth*, and therefore we cannot accept reconciliation with Rome at the price of denying in word or action what we believe to be true.<sup>2</sup>

For them, belief in the validity of their Orders grounds a conscientious objection to submission to the Church on terms of re-Ordination if they wish to go forward to the priesthood.

These Anglican Papalists differ from the Anglo-Catholics in

<sup>1</sup> *In Terra Aliena* gives a valuable and moving account of the difficulties—largely psychological or practical, and by no means insuperable—which the Anglican Papalist encounters in his path to Rome. Printed for private circulation (no date, no price), it is sub-titled, "An *Apologia* for those who accept the authority of the Holy See, yet, being unable to repudiate the validity of Anglican orders, remain outside the Roman Unity."

<sup>2</sup> P. I.



not holding that possession of valid Orders justifies the existence of the Church of England. Anglo-Catholics claim that it does, although one would have thought that only fundamentally different convictions about doctrine or Church order could subjectively justify what they must regard as the rending of at least the visible Catholic unity. In any case their view of the Church of England as a branch of the Catholic Church likewise depends on the truth of their claim to possess valid Orders. The Low Church and "Protestant" groups of Anglican clergy presumably have little interest in the question, as they would be shocked by the thought that they say Mass or are priests in the traditional Catholic sense.

Since even those Anglicans who admit Papal infallibility hold that Pope Leo XIII's Apostolical Letter, *Apostolicae curae*, is not infallible and assert that its decision is incompatible with Catholic theological principles, the most useful course will be to discuss the question on its merits in the light of Catholic theology.

Since a sacramental rite causes, *ex opere operato*, the effect which it signifies, all that is required for validity is that a properly qualified minister shall, having the intention of effecting a Christian sacrament, apply the correct matter and form to an apt subject.

The minister of Holy Orders must be a bishop. He is disqualified, so far as validity goes, neither by heresy nor schism (material or formal) nor even by apostasy.

In speaking of the necessary intention, a distinction is sometimes drawn between subjective intention (the intention of the minister) and objective intention, which is virtually the same thing as the meaning of the form. To avoid ambiguity, "intention" will regularly be used here to denote the subjective intention of the minister.

*Per se*, or in the absence of complications, very little is required on the score of intention. Theologians generally discuss the subject with two types of situation in mind. What sort of intention is required in a priest when consecrating at Mass or baptising? Full attention is not necessary; distractions do not invalidate the sacrament. It is sufficient that the minister have at least a virtual intention of "doing what the Church does," or of effecting a Christian sacrament. The other type of case commonly discussed is that of a heretic or infidel conferring a sacrament. The classical

case so often cited by the theologians, that of a Mohammedan consenting to baptise the baby of a Christian woman dying in the desert, illustrates the relevant points. It is sufficient that the Moslem intend (at least implicitly by virtue of his consent) to confer a Christian sacrament: to baptise the baby, not just bath it. The sufficiency of this intention would not be effected by the fact that the Saracen privately regarded the whole proceedings as nonsense and was only indulging a dying woman's whim. But in the theologians' discussions of all such cases, be it noted, it is always presupposed that the proper rite has been used, that the matter and form have been correct.

Erroneous beliefs, therefore, are not in themselves incompatible with a sufficient intention. But along with his general intention of conferring a Christian sacrament a heretical minister may have a second, specific, intention which contradicts and nullifies the first. If, for instance, a bishop holding Pneumatomachian views should intend to confirm, but at the same time should obstinately intend not to bestow the Holy Ghost, then there would be no sacrament. When there are two contrary intentions, validity depends on which of the two is the prevailing or overriding intention.

There are strong reasons for thinking that the English reformed bishops in the sixteenth century were so hostile to the Mass and the Catholic conception of the priesthood that their deliberate intention (manifested in the very changes they made in the rite) of excluding the power of sacrifice, nullified any general intention they may have had of conferring a Christian sacrament. It is, indeed, very doubtful if the Reformers even understood that Ordination was a sacrament. The 25th of the XXXIX Articles (where Gregory Dix bade us look for authentic Anglican doctrine) clearly states that there are only two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. These two, the Article states, are the only two instituted by Christ (institution by Christ is an essential element in a sacrament). The Article is explicit that Order is not to be counted for a sacrament of the Gospel. One is left to choose between the alternative views that it is an institution "sprung of the corrupt following of the Apostles," or that it is one of those "states of life allowed in the Scriptures" but not consecrated by "any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God."

It is probable, therefore, that Anglican Orders would be

invalid on grounds of defect of intention alone, even had heretical intention and belief not led to the mutilation, in essentials, of the Catholic form. It is, however, defect of form (to be discussed presently) that is decisive. For it is hard to claim certainty for the argument from intention alone (while supposing, for argument's sake, the validity of the form), since this would involve knowing both that particular persons at a particular moment (the moment of performing the sacrament) deliberately intended not to make sacrificing priests, and that this intention prevailed over a possible intention of conferring a Christian sacrament. Normally, therefore, when the correct rite has been followed sufficient intention is presumed; but once it is proved that matter or form was deliberately mutilated in essentials, then the presumption is that there was defect of intention also. As the great Leo said: "With this defect of form, therefore, is combined a defect of intention. . . . Concerning the mind or intention in itself, which is something internal, the Church does not pass judgment; but she is bound to judge of it so far as it is externally manifested."<sup>1</sup>

The primary and quite decisive argument, therefore, against the validity of Anglican Orders is that from substantial defect in the form of the rite in the second Edwardian Ordinal (1552). Priestly Ordination confers the power and grace of the priesthood, an essential part of which is the power to act as Christ's minister at the altar, to change the bread into the Body of Christ and the wine into His Blood, and to offer Christ slain in sacrifice. The principles relating to the sacramental rite are few and clear. A sacrament is a sign which produces the grace which it signifies, and it must signify the grace which it effects. Generally the signification of the sacramental matter is relatively indeterminate and vague; it is further determined, given sufficient precision, by the form. Thus in the Ordination of a priest the matter is the first imposition of hands by the bishop; but since this, which is also the matter in Confirmation, by no means unambiguously signifies the bestowal of the grace and power of the priesthood, it is complemented by the words of the form: "Bestow, almighty God, upon this Thy servant the dignity of the Priesthood . . ."<sup>2</sup> In judging the validity of the form, every-

<sup>1</sup> *Apostolicae curae*, Canon G. D. Smith's translation, n. 33, in C.T.S. pamphlet H. 311.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the Apostolic Constitution, *De Sacris Ordinibus*, given by Pope Pius XII, 30 Nov. 1947; A.A.S., 40 (1948), pp. 5-7.

thing depends on the *meaning* of the words used. If the form is changed, the sacrament is invalid if the change is essential; otherwise it is valid. Exact verbal adherence to the approved form is not necessary for validity; synonymous words suffice. Thus if a priest, forgetting the words of absolution, were to say instead, "As the representative of Christ, I forgive you your sins," the sacrament would be valid. On the other hand, the change or omission of anything essential invalidates the sacrament. Thus Vermeersch judges the following forms insufficient for Baptism: "I baptise you in the name of the Blessed Trinity," or "I baptise you in the name of the Father and of the Son," or even (as implicitly denying the Monarchy, or substantial unity of God), "I baptise you in the names of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."<sup>1</sup>

As the minister's erroneous or heretical beliefs do not of themselves invalidate a sacrament, so neither can an orthodox intention heal an essentially defective or positively erroneous form. Intention and beliefs can be relevant to the validity of a form by affecting its *meaning*, but only so. Anglican controversialists are mistaken when they suggest that the validity of the ancient Catholic rite of Serapion was directly secured by the orthodox intention of the ministers in spite of a defective form. The Serapion rite was discovered (in an incomplete text in a single manuscript) very soon after the appearance of *Apostolicae curae* in 1896 and was at the time regarded by Anglicans as an answer to prayer. Indeed, only ten years ago Dix was making considerable controversial play with it. But further study has shown that the difficulty is only apparent, a matter of understanding Serapion's idiom; once that is understood, it becomes clear that the Serapion Ordination rite sufficiently signified, in the terminology of the fourth century Egyptian Church, the bestowal of the true grace and power of the priesthood.

Anglicans, therefore, have been unreasonable when they have complained that Pope Leo, in his condemnation of Anglican Orders, did not expressly refer to the statement of intention in the Preface to the Edwardian Ordinal. For the Preface could be relevant to the problem only in three ways. It might be evidence of the general intention of conferring a Christian sacrament: but that cannot avail against the decisive evidence of a specific

<sup>1</sup> A. Vermeersch, S.J., *Theologiae Moralis, etc.*, t. III (1927) 190.

intention (manifested in the very mutilation of the form) that was anti-Catholic and incompatible with the nature of the sacrament. The Preface might also be invoked as evidence concerning the *specific* intention of the minister, or of the English Church, or concerning the meaning of the form. But from both these points of view the Preface is only a fraction of the total evidence available and, owing to its studied vagueness, is of much less value than the clear evidence derivable from the mutilation of the Catholic form, as well as from the XXXIX Articles, the Protestant theology of Cranmer, and the special variety of English reformed theology which, with such disastrous results, triumphed in the decisive years.

Beliefs can indirectly affect the meaning of a sacramental rite, and so the validity of the sacrament, by affecting language: for example, if, in consequence of a theological revolution, the word "priest" in a particular historical and liturgical context bears a meaning utterly different from the traditional Christian meaning. In Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* there is an excellent example of what the word meant not only to the best known of the Elizabethan Anglican divines, but also, apparently, to the general body of the Anglican laity in 1585.

Seeing then that sacrifice is now no part of the Church ministry, how should the name of Priesthood be thereunto rightly applied? Surely even as St. Paul applieth the name of flesh unto that very substance of fishes, which hath a proportionable correspondence to flesh, although it be in nature another thing. Whereupon, when philosophers will speak warily, they make a difference between flesh in one sort of living creatures, and that other substance in the rest which hath but a kind of analogy to flesh. . . . The Fathers of the Church of Christ with like security of speech, call usually the ministry of the Gospel *Priesthood*, in regard of that which the Gospel hath proportionable to ancient sacrifices; namely, the Communion of the blessed Body and Blood of Christ, *although it hath properly now no sacrifice*. As for the people, when they hear the name, it draweth no more their minds to any cogitation of sacrifice, than the name of a senator or of an alderman causeth them to think upon old age, or to imagine that every one so termed must needs be ancient because years were respected in the first nomination of both.

Wherefore to pass by the name, let them use what dialect they will, whether we call it a Priesthood, a Presbytership, or a ministry, it skilleth not: although in truth the word *Presbyter* doth seem more



fit, and in propriety of speech more agreeable than *Priest* with the drift of the whole Gospel of Jesus Christ.<sup>1</sup>

False beliefs will also indirectly affect the validity of a sacrament if they lead the minister to change the rite in essentials. If, for instance, the Saracen's heathenry led him to substitute the name of Allah for the Trinitarian invocation, or if a minister's Macedonian beliefs led him to omit the name of the Holy Ghost, there would be no Baptism.

It is necessary and sufficient for validity that the form in priestly Ordination express the bestowal of the Christian priesthood (stated or understood to be a sacrificing priesthood) or of its grace and power. The Anglican form of 1552, which lasted without essential change for over 100 years, was: "Receive the Holy Ghost: whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful Dispenser of the Word of God and of His holy Sacraments." Obviously this expresses the bestowal neither of the priesthood nor of its chief and specific power. The word "priesthood," which in a Catholic form is sufficient because in the Church's formularies it bears its true sense of sacrificing priesthood, does not occur at all in this form. Indeed, in the "*traditio instrumentorum*," which immediately follows the actual form, the power of sacrificing is clearly and positively excluded by the substitution of the Bible for the chalice and paten which are delivered in the Catholic rite. In view of this it can hardly be held that the phrase "Dispenser of [God's] Sacraments" "definitely signifies" the specific power of the Catholic priesthood. The phrase is far too vague. What sacraments are referred to? A layman can confer Baptism, and only a bishop can ordain, bless the chrism for Extreme Unction or (normally) confirm. What sacraments, then, are meant? Since in the sixteenth century there was a great flowering of the English genius for theological compromise, it is possible that even at the time no one could have answered this question with assurance. The sacrament of Penance cannot be excluded with complete confidence, since the 1552 Prayer Book has a ceremony which might be a sacramental absolution of a penitent (provided he be sick). A form, however, expressing the conferment of the power to forgive sins would

<sup>1</sup> Hooker, *op. cit.*, Book V, Chap. lxxviii; my italics in "*although . . . sacrifice.*"



not suffice for the bestowal of the priesthood; and in any case it seems safer to interpret "the sacraments" in this context by the English Church's official doctrine as contained in the XXXIX Articles. Since the Articles recognise only two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, it is presumably these that are meant. Of these the former can be conferred by a layman, and the sacrificial character of the latter (as well as the Objective Presence) is denied explicitly in the Articles and implicitly in the Ordinal itself.

The word "priesthood" does occur several times in the Edwardian rite outside the essential part. But, apart from the fact that the word is absent from the form, what does "priesthood" mean here? Hooker gave a clear answer thirty years later; and, independently of that, if the Anglicans insist on the rite being judged as a whole, then, in deciding whether the Ordinal embodies the Catholic, the evangelical or some intermediate conception of the Christian ministry, due weight must be given to the substitution of the Bible for the chalice and to the deliberate omission of the repeated references to the priest's sacrificial function which were so prominent in the Sarum ritual. The Edwardian Ordinal must primarily be judged precisely as a corruption of, and in contrast with, the Catholic rite which it displaced.

## CARDINAL GIBBONS<sup>1</sup>

DR. TRACY ELLIS has chosen as his motto words from Canon William Barry, who was one amongst a host of Cardinal Gibbons' English admirers. "He reigned in Baltimore like a king but he met every man like a comrade."

The formula for writing the Life of an English-speaking Cardinal has not been written. Few they have been, but of vastly variant types. Hitherto America has contributed pious and proper accounts of Cardinals Farley and McCloskey of New York, but this is the Life to which English readers have long looked forward.

Lives of Cardinals in England have often verged on disaster. Wilfrid Ward's *Wiseman* had to be deprived of a famous chapter after the first edition. Purcell's *Manning* shook the English Catholics and was referred to by Manning's successor as "almost a crime." Ward's *Newman*

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore*, by John Tracy Ellis, of the Catholic University of America. Two vols. (Bruce \$17.50).

covered but a half of the immense possibilities. Vaughan's *Life* was devotionally excellent, but lacked the Cardinal's lifelong correspondence with Lady Herbert of Lea. Bourne's proved a two-volume essay in journalism flinching from the crisis and crux of his episcopate—the quarrel with Southwark over the proposed absorption of Bishop Amigo's see.

Irish Cardinals (there have been four) have apparently escaped biography. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston collected his letters and wrote a *Life* for himself.

Cardinal Gibbons had an astonishing career for the heaven-sent biographer to record. No *Life* would require more careful sense of balance. James Gibbons was an Irishman born in the United States but given his early education in Mayo, whence his family returned to the Southern States after Gibbons had experienced the Irish of the day when he and others had volunteered to assist in the polling booths during the electoral struggle "when two local men by the name of Moore and Higgins were running for Parliament against Isaac Butt." Butt was "the father of Home Rule," and the local Moore was the father of George Moore the novelist.

When the Gibbons family returned to America in 1853 they found themselves plunged into the preliminaries and eventual struggle of the Civil War followed by the electoral conflicts of carpet-baggers, which must have made the Irish elections of the 'Forties cheerful antagonisms in contrast. When the Civil War came, Gibbons was already a priest. His heart was with his native State, Maryland, but his head was with the Union. This did not prevent him getting into trouble by succouring a Confederate prisoner. A bishop at thirty-four, he was schooled in the difficult part of conciliation in a stricken State like North Carolina to become an ideal primate. No one knew better how to stand between conflicting bishops like Ireland and Corrigan, or later between the claims of Irishmen or Englishmen for the influence and support of the United States.

Dr. Ellis has spent six years classifying and documentarising the long, unique career of Cardinal Gibbons, and he has left both American and English biographers a monumental example of how it should be done—if there are the archives as abundant as in this case. English readers know but vaguely that there was an American Cardinal, who had attended the Vatican Council and survived to give the Allies his important patronage during the First World War. He had been the familiar friend of Theodore Roosevelt and William Taft in the White House: though President Wilson had shown himself cool or at least pedantic to his venerable neighbour. Wilson had presumably more use for Catholics as Secretaries and voters than as patrons or advisers. In any case Gibbons' politics had tended to be Republican. During Wilson's fight for his

second term a great deal of dust and trouble was raised by political enemies over gossip that the President had addressed the Cardinal as "Mister." As it affected Catholic votes the biographer has delved into this *minutia* of history. This is typical of his immense broom-sweep through the papers, memories and documents which he has been steadily sweeping into clarity.

These date from very ancient days of childhood in Baltimore and Ballinrobe in County Mayo; of missions in North Carolina where he served his Vicariate Apostolic as a very young bishop. This permitted him to attend the Vatican Council in 1870, of which he was the last survivor, as he also was of those who had seen Andrew Jackson in 1837—an early President of the States. This settles his links with history, which he lived to see unroll into the First World War. He supported the League of Nations and the dying Wilson's dream, and died a few weeks after President Harding entered the White House, who as a Republican was no doubt the Cardinal's candidate. His episcopate included the whole lifetime of the German Empire.

He returned from Rome to become Bishop of Richmond and Archbishop of Baltimore. Leo XIII gave him his cardinalate in 1886. In consequence he became the sole American cardinal until 1911, when the brim of the apostolic hat was extended to include Boston and New York. During those years his influence became unimaginable, for a belief grew in the States that there could only be one Cardinal or one President at a time.

The headings of chapters indicate the long succession of controversies or achievements in which he played his part: the Catholic University, the Knights of Labor, the case of Henry George, the Washington Delegation from the Holy See, the Cahensly movement to promote German culture amongst the American Catholics, Americanism, the phantom of a heresy.

The span of interesting illustrations covers the Cardinal's Life. Only the American press could produce such intimacies as his embrace of President Theodore Roosevelt or his play with quoits in shirt-sleeves or offering prayer over Admiral Dewey's sword. One splendid photograph shows Cardinals Gibbons and Mercier together meeting after the First World War as though to symbolise and consecrate the idea that the New World had been called in to balance the tragedies as well as the bankruptcies of the Old.

Over 1400 pages have been filled and there is hardly a page which does not carry notes and references like a web of tapestry worked into the woof. The result is a security of documentation and an immense mass of carefully scheduled archival matter which enables the serious reader to view the progress of the Church in the States between the Civil War and the First World War—betwixt the War between

States and the War between Nations. Finally there is an important terminal essay on the sources and a sixty-page index.

It shares the massiveness of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* but naturally has been constructed on another plan. It lacks the personal improvisations, the living touch and garnered *legomena* of that unsurpassable biography, but it carries a firm and meticulous dissection of the Cardinal's whole career and of as much of his thought and sentences as friends and secretaries could remember or record. Of his gentleness, amounting almost to a fault in the great and guiding position he held, there is a full survey. On the one hand he defended friends to the utmost even when they had fallen into pontifical disfavour: Denis O'Connell, Bishop of Richmond, being a notable instance. He supported Archbishop Ireland in all his difficulties. Certainly he could have taken as a motto *Quieta non movere*. He had a unique skill in shifting his ground when it felt unpleasant. Only thwarted and perplexed enemies insisted he was worthy of his only nickname—"Slippery Jim." But he was a gentleman and hated to give pain, even the least, to others. As Archbishop Keane reminded him: "There were times when his effort to please everyone jeopardised the prospect of his pleasing anyone."

His charming vanity was rebuked by Bishop McQuaid, but what were his guileless little foibles compared to the pride or arrogance which could be charged to some contemporary churchmen? When he found himself standing to principle he could show strength in the reverse of Samson's riddle, who drew honey's sweetness from a lion's body. Cardinal Gibbons seemed to draw a certain strength out of his accumulated sweetness: as when he defended the Knights of Labor and prevented Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* being placed on the Index.

No doubt as the witty William Stead once said, cardinals like Manning are given their own Lives to read in Purgatory! We can imagine the English cardinals reading such testimonials with wry faces, some of the Lives being already as battered and mouldering as the red hats which the etiquette of Holy Church prescribes to be suspended above their tombs. Dr. Ellis can say of Cardinal Gibbons' biography, *Exegi monumentum aere perennius*—of durable bronze, not glittering gold. Cardinals are not chosen for brilliance but for strength and steadiness. They are the *cardines* or hinges of the Church, and are they not symbolised by the Bronze Gates which shield the approach to the Pontifical presence? Cardinals' biographies should therefore not be brilliant but documentary. The most powerful and scintillating bishops in France, the United States and Australia in Gibbons' time were not admitted to the Sacred College which they would have adorned. Cardinal Gibbons was modest and even hesitating, but his position made him more powerful than Nuncio or Delegate. How he used his

immense influence is the theme of his biographer. Now that the United States branch of the Catholic Church has become the most wealthy and powerful, corresponding to the power of the Republic, it behoves all who would study American history, educational, political and spiritual, to read Dr. Ellis's majestic volumes.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE COMPLETE RECORDING of Rameau's instrumental music, now being undertaken by the courageous L'Oiseau Lyre, seems to be an unusually quick response to the statement in my last Gramophone Notes that the recording of Rameau's harpsichord works is an enterprise long overdue. But I suppose it is really the logical consequence of the fulfilment of a previous enterprise that has made the whole of Couperin's keyboard works available on long-playing records. This immense task was given to Ruggiero Gerlin, a harpsichordist who is also responsible for the Rameau keyboard recordings. Opinions will differ as to the playing. Until fairly recently, Couperin was seen mainly as the composer of exquisite miniatures, finely shaped and delicately ornamented, but devoid of the profundity and strength of the music of his contemporaries of other nationalities. This view, rightly in my opinion, has fundamentally changed, perhaps partly by reaction, but certainly partly because of Wanda Landowska's magnificent H.M.V. album issued many years ago and because of the scholarly advocacy of Couperin's music by Wilfred Mellers in his fine study of the composer. This strong view, however, seems to my ear to be overdone in Gerlin's playing, and the sometimes brutal hardness is not offset by wayward and unconvincing rubato. But I do not want to seem carping in the face of such a wholly rewarding scheme, and the complete set of records will put Couperin in a new perspective.

Other fine records of harpsichord and early organ music must be mentioned here, for again they come from the valiant L'Oiseau Lyre (obtainable through Decca). First there is a record called "Masters of the Harpsichord," Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries (OL50043), one side devoted to Southerners, Durante, Della Caia, Greco and Marcello, and the other to Northerners, Richter, Froberger, Pachelbel, Kuhnau and Handel. Many of these names will be unknown, but they are all first-rate pieces. The Greco particularly is astonishing and if it is not a "flash in the pan" then we should know more of his music. Second, there is Thurston Dart's playing of early English keyboard (which includes organ) music on OL 50075. Some of the organ pieces are so remote from one's normal conception of early



English music that it is difficult to adjust oneself to the peculiar but fascinating mixture of starkness and flamboyance. The later pieces on this disc are by comparison less compelling, but all are played lucidly and with authority. One L'Oiseau Lyre record which I am reluctantly compelled to register as a failure is "Chants de France." The arrangements are wishy-washy in the extreme and the singer hasn't the right type of voice. To balance this, however, is the extraordinary "Missa Caput" of Guillaume Dufay (OL 50069), sung by the Ambrosian Singers under Denis Stevens. Of proportions larger than a normal symphony this mid-fifteenth century Mass has a peculiar interest for musicians in this country in that the composer uses as a *cantus firmus* a chant once used in the Sarum rite (Salisbury) during the Maundy Thursday ceremony of Washing the Feet. The final word of this antiphon is "caput," hence the title of the Mass. It is a key-work in musical history, and this is therefore a record of unusual importance. The performance, by male voices and supported on occasion by a trombone, is excellent.

English singers under Anthony Lewis also introduce a fine "Miserere" by Lully (DL 53003). But I recommend that the Dufay and Lully should not be heard in juxtaposition. The latter composer suffers by the comparison.

Decca (LXT 2963) have issued Fauré's Ballade for piano and orchestra and Four Nocturnes, with, on the reverse side, Jean Françaix's "Concertino" for piano and orchestra. All are beautifully played by Kathleen Long, but one will treasure the record for the Fauré music: the "Concertino" is trivial. A recital of Debussy Songs sung by Irma Kolassi is also to be highly recommended. (LW 5161).

Milhaud's "Christopher Columbus" (text by Claudel) is a disappointing work from the musical point of view. It is scrappy in effect and has the inconsequentiality and lack of development that one associates with film-music (Decca T.W 91084-5).

Some wonderful singing is to be heard on a Decca Record (LXT 2945) of Palestrina Motets, Magnificat, "Improperia et Hymnus" from the Mass for Good Friday, Laudi of the thirteenth to sixteenth centuries and two Responsories by Victoria. The singers are an Italian male quartet calling themselves "Quartetto Polifonico." The blend and sonority are something unique in ensemble singing and even though one suspects the arranger of tampering with the music, which often brings it forward in time, one cannot but be thrilled with the actual sound, particularly with the trueness and lack of the customary fluffiness of the deep bass notes of the bottom voice.

A mixture of early and late music is to be found on LGX 66037/8. Fritz Heitmann plays organ music from Sweelinck to Hindemith. It is music that mostly has the merit of novelty, but hasn't otherwise great significance.



Three LP records of intense interest, both for listeners and violinists, contain the unaccompanied violin sonatas and partitas of Bach, played by Telmányi with the Vega bow (LXT 2951-3). The latter is a large-curved bow designed specially to play four-note chords without recourse to the unsatisfactory shifts and stratagems forced upon violinists when using the normal bow. The result is highly exciting, and these records give a new view of these difficult works. The playing is exact, scholarly and limpidly clear.

Issues of modern works to be highly recommended are Decca LP versions of Nielsen's Symphonies Nos. 1 and 5 and Concertos for flute and clarinet, and new recordings of Sibelius' third, fourth and seventh symphonies, conducted by Anthony Collins. But Nielsen works of more than usual interest are on LXT 2934. These are Three Motets and Commotio for Organ, and reveal new aspects of the composer's genius. The organ work is an enormous fantasia and is one of the last works that Nielsen wrote. It is a virtuoso work of compelling power and originality, and played as it is played on this record it has an overwhelming effect.

An exciting "entertainment" is on Decca LXT 2977. This is Walton's "Façade," conducted by Anthony Collins, and recited with immense gusto and perfect timing by Peter Pears and Edith Sitwell. Berg's Chamber Concerto for thirteen instruments appears on L 89004. The first notes promise rewarding listening, but I cannot say that the development fulfils it. I, personally, get nothing from this narcissistic music couched in a language that seems never to rise above morbidity and negation. How different is the *positive* sorrow to be found in those wonderful Michelangelo settings of Wolf, recently recorded (with some Eichendorff and Mörike settings) by Heinz Rehfuss on LW 5162.

Dvorak's 'cello concerto, played by Fournier and conducted by Kubelik (Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra) *should* make a perfect record (LXT 2999). But Fournier is not the ideal exponent of this work: there is in it a sense of strain and struggle. Navarra would have been the right choice.

EDMUND RUBBRA

## REVIEWS

EDITH STEIN

*The Scholar and the Cross*, by Hilda C. Graef (Longmans 18s).

ALMOST OF NECESSITY, this book sends our mind back to those by Simone Weil, whose name was so often mentioned. Both she and Edith Stein were Jewesses; both eager in pursuit of knowledge, both burning with a spiritual life, each in her different way doomed to a death which to the world's eye was tragic. Yet two histories can hardly have been more divergent. Simone Weil's education, though to some degree controlled by Catholics, could not put order into a mind that remained, we regretfully own, chaotic: Edith Stein's development was largely guided by Husserl, who, though he never became a Catholic, had been strongly influenced by two who had "strayed from orthodoxy," and even though her philosophical growth was cut short before its perfection, it was following firm lines and seemed to promise that she would be one of the most remarkable women-thinkers of our time, perhaps of any time. She suffered terribly, but had not in her that strange passion for self-torture that marred (to our thinking) the French Jewess who towards the end seems to have been entirely without, or obstinately hostile to, any wise guidance. Both were self-sacrificing to the extreme; but Simone's death was due not only to the misery of occupied France, but largely to her self-will; Edith, who was to the end obedient, had consciously to accept her own and her sister's sacrifice in the gas-chamber at Auschwitz.

Edith Stein was born on 22 October 1891, the Jewish Day of Atonement, a fact not devoid of symbolism, as Miss Graef sees. We have recently been given admirable pictures of orthodox Jewish households, built on the strong grandeur of Old Testament tradition, and found more often perhaps in Germany than elsewhere. This book is worth reading for Frau Stein's sake too: her photograph seems rather formidable, but how noble a portrait does Miss Graef depict of this old lady whose love survived the shock of her daughter's becoming first a Christian and a Catholic, and then a Carmelite! But why did she become at anyrate the former? Documents would seem exasperatingly to have been kept from Miss Graef just where we most needed them. The brilliant girl had lost her Jewish faith, but, it is evident, approached the *Res Catholica* along the line of an almost mystical intuition rather than of abstract reasoning. It is, however, clear that she had gone some considerable way on her road to Damascus before the "Life" of St. Teresa, read in a Protestant household, tore the last veil apart. We hope, at least, that the documents will be published in time for a

second edition of this book to contain them, and without excisions made for the sake of "edification" or other reasons fatal to historical probity. Why she became a Carmelite is clearer—she seems in a mysterious way to have felt from the outset the conviction that the contemplative life was her vocation, though she had spent so long philosophising, in private study or in professorial chairs. We notice, first, that the cloister, far from cramping her, expanded her soul. Her extreme *Abgeschlossenheit*, her modest self-withdrawal from contacts (save in the case of certain intimate friends, and when she was called upon to help), became communicative. Like Newman's little sister, who said to him: "You always understand what I say: you always make me happy when I am uncomfortable," she became ever more able to give what she possessed, and radiated "love, joy, peace." Her independence of mind never lessened. Even in Carmel she was allowed to write. It is likely that her way of expressing herself would have been modified, but there was no need for her docility to injure her originality. The sombre glory of the last part of her life is related with due restraint, though it is dramatic in the extreme. In the camps where prisoners were halted she became a mother to the children whose own mothers were demented with despair. The terrible end, doubtful for some time, is now ascertained.

C. C. MARTINDALE

### LORD ROBERTS

*The Life of Lord Roberts*, by David James (Hollis and Carter 30s).

THE SHELF devoted to the great Victorians is being slowly filled. Lord Roberts was a major military figure, perhaps the finest soldier of the reign with a career lasting from the Indian Mutiny until he entered Pretoria and broke the back of the Boer War. Who are the generals worthy to stand beside him: Raglan, Havelock, Clyde, Wolseley? Like Raglan he was called to take command of a difficult and disastrous campaign on the brink of old age: the Crimean and South African. Roberts was eighty-two when later he hurried to join the Indian Army in France and died to the sound not only of the German guns but of an Empire's lamentation. Both Raglan and Roberts were mourned by French allies, but what veterans! Raglan had fought against Napoleon and Roberts had won his V.C. at Delhi in 1857.

David James has a long and thrilling story to tell and excellently has he told it. The adventures of Roberts in India and later marching to Kandahar and finally turning the tide in South Africa are so much the story of History that the reader turns to the detail and anecdote which soften the grimness of pages devoted to a man of war.

He had a swordsman's arm, the eye of a strategist and the endurance of a hero. But there was a heart under the sword-belt. In his foreword Mr. L. S. Amery tells a story in which St. Francis would have delighted. In his dining-room at Madras a pair of swallows had nested and caused anxiety to Roberts and Lady Roberts lest the nestlings should be unable to care for themselves when the Roberts family went up to the hills. In the end the Commander-in-Chief insisted on staying for another fortnight of hot weather until he was sure that the nestlings were safe!

Yet Ian Hamilton could recall nothing more terrifying than Roberts' blue eyes blazing with justifiable anger. Mr. James agrees with F. S. Oliver's estimate (*Ordeal by Battle*) that he relied on his own instinct with unshakeable confidence. His modesty attributed that confidence not to any cleverness on his part but to "the hand of Providence which drew aside a veil and enabled him to see the truth."

And we like the quotation from that merry French cleric Rabelais: "he was the best little great good man that ever girded a sword on his side." Likewise the two strangely dissimilar ballads which Kipling wrote in his honour—the doggerel which made him known to men in the music-hall or in the street:

'E's a little down on drink,  
Chaplain Bobs:  
But it keeps us outer Clink,  
Don't it, Bobs?

But like a funeral march sounded the lines written after his death in France:

He passed in the very battle-smoke  
Of the war that he had descried.  
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke  
When the Master-Gunner died.

Mr. James has written a book which in its humour and humanity as well as in certain depths of seriousness is worthy of enshrining these immortal ballads. The volume reaches 500 pages, and apart from a striking slice of the history of British India it includes a brief, most readable and impartial story of the Boer War, including the difficult crux of Roberts' relations with Buller.

Perhaps most moving are the references to what Roberts felt and said over the loss of his only son at Colenso. So many fathers have passed through that agony since that it is good to read how a Christian soldier in the highest sense reacted. For Roberts certainly not only the earthly guns but the trumpets on the other side sounded for his passing.

SHANE LESLIE

## CÎTEAUX AND ENGLAND

*Cîteaux and her Elder Daughters*, by Archdale King (Burns and Oates 30s).

THIS SHOULD be a valuable book for historians, but for the ordinary reader the method which the author pursues presents a difficulty. Fr. Archdale King traces, in very great detail, the development of Cîteaux, La Ferté, Pontigny, Clairvaux and Morimond through the succession of their respective Abbots, and this is apt to be extremely confusing when one tries to relate the events described to history in general. However there are a number of descriptions of monastic life which are worth reading, though possibly the most interesting parts of the book are those which concern the many ties of the Cistercian Order with this country.

One such example is an account of Hugh, Bishop of Carlisle, who died at La Ferté in 1223. He had formerly been Abbot of Beaulieu, but was deposed by the Abbot of Cîteaux after being accused by a general chapter of "drinking wassail with three earls and forty knights, of having his bed guarded by a watch-dog on a silver chain, of eating off silver plate, and of receiving the ministrations of obsequious secular attendants"!

An earlier and altogether more seemly visitor to the French Cistercians was Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who sought sanctuary in Pontigny while in exile and there received the Cistercian habit. The community were greatly edified that he ate nothing "save what was dry and without savour," but he was forced to leave after two years because Henry II threatened to confiscate the Cistercian Houses in England and Normandy. He was said to have had a vision of his martyrdom while he was at Pontigny and in fact was martyred about a month after he left (29 December, 1170). In 1213, Stephen Langton, also an Archbishop of Canterbury and also in exile, took refuge in Pontigny until King John made his submission to Rome, and in 1240 the same Abbey received the body of St. Edmund of Canterbury, who had died at Soissy nearby. The solemn ceremony of the translation of St. Edmund's relics took place on 9 June, 1247, in the presence of St. Louis of France and of St. Edmund's own secretary, better known as St. Richard of Chichester. It is worth noting that St. Louis refused the offer of a relic saying "it would not please Christ, that what God preserved entire for so long, should be in any way mutilated by me, a sinner." However, he changed his mind shortly afterwards, though when the arm which had been detached from the rest of the body turned black it was considered "a judgment for lack of faith."



Of particular interest in the book is the foundation on 5 March, 1132, of Rievaulx in Yorkshire. This was the first daughter of Clairvaux in England. Fountains founded on 27 December, 1132, was of independent origin but was adopted by St. Bernard, who sent Geoffrey of Ainay to superintend its spiritual and material development. Boxley, in Kent, was begun in 1146 and Whitland and Margaux followed shortly after.

Clairvaux itself was suppressed in 1790 together with all the religious houses in France, and the Church was finally razed to the ground in 1819. The last Abbot of Clairvaux, Dom Louis Marie Rocourt, retired to Bar-sur-Aube and died in 1824, and in the middle of the nineteenth century the remaining buildings were turned into a prison. The mother-house, Cîteaux, unlike the four daughter-houses, was reoccupied by the Order on 2 October, 1898, and within its walls, and those of its newly affiliated houses, the spirit of St. Bernard still flourishes today.

PETER RAILING

#### NOT PROVEN

*Historical Whodunits*, by Hugh Ross Williamson (Phoenix 18s).

IN AN INTERESTING FOREWORD to his latest book Mr. Ross Williamson discusses some of the problems with which the historian is inevitably confronted. History, he begins by saying, is not a science in the accepted sense of that much-abused word. This is undoubtedly true. But is it "no more than a combination of myth, propaganda and guess-work"? In making so modest a claim, he is surely being unduly pessimistic. No one will deny that all writers of history are to some extent the victims of their own environment, or that many widely accepted historical theories do owe their origin to party propaganda and the ingenuity of previous historians. But even when this has been conceded there still remains a body of fact that cannot be so lightly dismissed.

It may seem an absurd exaggeration at this time to maintain, in the words of the seventeenth century, that "Truth does not seek corners, it needeth no favour," but nevertheless the claim is not devoid of meaning. In the writing of history both biographers and historical novelists have a part to play, but I find myself in reluctant disagreement with Mr. Ross Williamson when he argues that the contribution they are able to make to our knowledge of the past is superior to that of the "academic historian." Imagination and a respect for the achievements of the individual are valuable qualities in any historian, but they do not, in themselves, lead to infallibly accurate judgments.

Mr. Ross Williamson, however, is not the man to let a promising case go by default, and having dealt a few punishing blows, in his



preface, to accepted historical theories, he proceeds to illustrate the point by demonstrating how artfully the facts concerning a number of famous English and Scottish mysteries have been twisted in the interests of political and religious strife. The fabrication of historical mares' nests is not of course by any means a new sport, but it must be said at the outset that anyone who is disposed to view Mr. Ross Williamson in the light of a detective in period costume will be quickly undeceived. In spite of its title, *Historical Whodunits* does represent a serious and painstaking attempt to arrive at the truth, and in the face of some of the author's arguments it is difficult to deny that the traditional explanations of the thirteen mysteries he sets out to discuss will not, in all cases, fit the facts. The enigmas Mr. Ross Williamson has chosen are not all of equal interest, and there are occasions when the solution he offers appears to pose as many questions as it sets out to answer, but in the chapters that he devotes to those three puzzling episodes in our history, the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the Campden Wonder and the Appin Murder, he does seem to have come near to discovering the truth. In the Gowrie Conspiracy he is on less sure ground, and many readers may feel that there is better reason for believing that the Gowries plotted against their king than that King James plotted against the Gowries. Incidentally, a copy of the contemporary "Vindication of the Ruthvens" does exist, which on one important point confirms the king's story, and I can find no evidence for Mr. Ross Williamson's assertion that Lady Margaret Ruthven, who incidentally was the mother and not the wife of Montrose, ever made use of the "intoxicated jewels" so favoured by other members of her family.

Mr. Ross Williamson's theories on the death of William Rufus will appeal to all those who are necromantically inclined, and it will come as no surprise to the Friends of Richard III Inc. to learn that it was not that much-abused sovereign at all, but his nefarious successor, Henry VII, who murdered the Princes in the Tower.

After these lurid revelations of villainy in high places the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury seems by comparison an almost commonplace event. Indeed as a mystery it rates very low among such distinguished rivals, inasmuch as the identity and motives of all the actors concerned are only too distressfully apparent. In the murky pages of this highly enjoyable book queens and gallants, knaves and dupes stand revealed as the uneasy custodians of some of the most murderous secrets in our history. Amy Robsart and Allan Breck Stewart, Lord Monteagle and Mary Queen of Scots. The innocent and the guilty. But who are the guilty and who are the innocent?

CHRISTIAN HESKETH

## THE CRUSADES

*A History of the Crusades: Vol. III, The Kingdom of Acre and the Later Crusades*, by Steven Runciman (Cambridge University Press 35s).

MR. RUNCIMAN'S third and last volume of his history of the Crusades has the same excellencies and defects as the first two. The narrative is lucid, the standard of scholarship high, and English readers now have for the first time an authoritative work on the Crusades.

The third volume gives a reliable account of the Crusades from the Third to the Crusade of Pius II, of the long agony of Outremer, and the sporadic attempts to revive the crusade in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. For Mr. Runciman, Pius II is the last Crusader. He writes, "If readers consider the emphasis I have given to various aspects is wrong I can only plead an author must write his book in his own way. It is beside the point for critics to complain he has not written the book they would have written had they undertaken the theme." True, the merit of the book is that the standard of scholarship is so fair that Mr. Runciman provides the careful reader with sufficient material to see the weakness of his arguments. This does not seem, however, to justify the suggestion that it is beside the point to criticise the emphasis he gives to various aspects. The emotional vigour of some of the judgments in this volume cry aloud for correction; and it is to be hoped that they will be revised when the second edition appears.

Of these the most glaring is the comment on the deplorable course of the Fourth Crusade, culminating in the sack of Constantinople. Of this Mr. Runciman says, "There was never a greater crime against humanity than the Fourth Crusade." One of the merits of the book is the attention given to the Mongols—Jenghiz-Khan was conducting his devastating campaigns when the Crusaders captured Constantinople. Quantitatively, at least, his ruthless massacres of hundreds of thousands of human beings was a far greater crime. Was the sack of Constantinople a greater crime than Himmler's attempt to exterminate the Jews? The Crusaders had, at least, this justification, that they were taking vengeance for the death of the man who invited them to Constantinople, Alexius IV. It is true, however, that his successor, Alexius V, was, by standards all too frequently accepted in Byzantine history, the legitimate ruler. He held the power and had murdered his predecessor.

Grossly exaggerated is the statement that the sack destroyed all the treasures that Byzantium had devotedly stored. It is not pedantic to point out that at least literary treasures survived, some of them brought to the West by Cardinal Bessarion and other Greek scholars in the

fifteenth century. Whether Byzantium was still active and great is disputable; but Bréhier, at least, believed Byzantium committed suicide. Is any nation which depends on mercenaries for defence great? Employment of mercenaries is the sign of the beginning of the end.

His chapter on the last manifestations of the crusading spirit ends with the death of Pius II, who was saved by his servants from seeing the deserters from the army he had summoned. The scene, as Mr. Runciman indicates, contrasts strikingly with the success of Pope Urban II four centuries before. Good literature, but not good history! The chapter omits to mention the crusading spirit evoked a few years before by the preaching of St. John Capistran who urged men to follow Hunyadi to the successful relief of Belgrade. And is Pius II the last Crusader, the last manifestation of the crusading spirit? That spirit inspired, to mention only two examples of its later manifestation, Prince Henry the Navigator, the Portuguese conquistadores, and the heroic defence of Malta by the Hospitallers under La Valette. No one reading the story of that siege could believe the crusading spirit dead.

Perhaps the weakest chapter is the epilogue. No one has a right to complain of Mr. Runciman's liberalism, but to say that the high ideals of the Crusaders were besmirched by cruelty and greed is a truism; all mass movements, inspired by high ideals, have been so besmirched. He concludes, "the Holy War itself was nothing more than a long act of intolerance in the name of God, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost." He should choose his theological metaphors more carefully. No theologian has ever interpreted the sin against the Holy Ghost to be intolerance. Christ's preaching was full of the spirit, intolerable to liberals, that absolute truth exists.

K. M. BOOTH

### MILITARY SCAPEGOAT

*The Dreyfus Case: A Reassessment*, by Guy Chapman (Rupert Hart-Davis 25s).

CIVIL WAR is the national pastime of the French, and of all their domestic conflicts the Dreyfus *affaire* was the most bitter, the most unnecessary and the most absurd. Mr. Guy Chapman's account of it is much the best that has so far appeared in English. It does not make easy reading—the details are too intricate and the motives too involved for that; but it is clear, judicious and informed. The writer has obviously threaded the maze of contradictory authorities, and his conclusions are to be commended to anyone wishing to understand the history of France during the past fifty years.

Those of us who have been acquainted with French politics since 1940 will have less difficulty than others in reading the riddle of the

Dreyfus case. In the Resistance and the Liberation, as in the great *affaire*, France was torn by a clash not only of men but of *mystiques*, and in both cases the *mystique* was corrupted into politics. The English Liberal with his noble motto of *Fiat justitia ruat caelum* sees an innocent man condemned, and cannot understand why there should have been all this fuss about the rectification of a judicial error, even if the error had been a crime. But let him imagine a Britain rent with civil discord in which a great number of people wanted to abolish the Royal Family and dispossess the Church of England, a Britain in which the Royal Navy was the only institution commanding a nearly universal respect; and then let him imagine the Admiralty having to face the alternative of letting an innocent, obscure and rather unpopular officer languish in prison, or of involving Admirals Mountbatten, Cunningham, Fraser and Tovey in public disgrace. That is the dilemma in which the French War Office, through their own incredible folly, had placed themselves. No expedient seemed to them too ignoble to save the face of an obstinate and fanatical Chief of Staff.

Mr. Chapman does not believe that there was an organised conspiracy on either side, and in particular he exonerates the Society of Jesus from the blame that is often unfairly attached to it. Among Catholics only the Assumptionists acted with corporate imbecility and were justly rewarded for their imprudence and want of principle. But Mr. Chapman freely admits the great evils—and especially the destructive anti-clericalism of Combes—which followed from the triumph of *Dreyfusisme*. He makes it clear how far the Dreyfusards had moved away from Dreyfus. Indeed only three main figures come unscathed out of the story—Picquart who risked everything for the truth, Charles Péguy who resisted the corruption of the *mystique*, and the unfortunate officer whose destiny it was to poison the politics of France long after he himself had withdrawn to an honourable retirement.

Mr. Chapman would have done well to include among his appendices a list of the *dramatis personae*, explaining just what position they held through the succeeding phases of the *affaire*.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

## SELECTION II

*Selection II*, A Year Book of Contemporary Thought, Edited by Cecily Hastings and Donald Nicholl (Sheed and Ward 16s).

ONLY A COLLECTION OF REVIEWS could deal adequately with this selection of essays, since they have little in common except that they are of recent origin and that "they point to that unified picture of the world to which Catholics subscribe." The total absence

of literary criticism is disconcerting, since at its best that is an integral part of "contemporary thought." A certain bias is noticeable in favour of psychology (readers of *THE MONTH* will be already acquainted with Mr. MacConnail's "Nerves and Notions") and comparative religion. This bias is perhaps to be explained with reference to Mr. Nicholl's thought-provoking introduction, in which he stresses the need for the rediscovery of "the world of myth and symbol." Of the current movements in speculative theology there is scarcely a trace; the theology of the liturgy, for example, or of the laity are not mentioned, though Fr. Simmel's article, "Myth and Gospel," does have relevance to Dr. Bultmann's "Demythologising." Recent developments in philosophy, about which Mr. Nicholl himself wrote so well in his *Recent Thought in Focus*, are also not represented. Are present-day trends in speculation ignored simply because no single essay could do them justice? If this is the reason, then it is a criticism valid for the underlying idea of the book. Essays rarely transplant well; they are written for special groups of people, and each presupposes a specific level of knowledge and sophistication. And when the essays selected are of general appeal and overstep the limits of the magazines in which they were first published, they are not therefore necessarily "the best."

Unfortunately the language in which some of them are written is not far removed from jargon. It may be all right for Dr. Pieper to say "the conceivedness of a thing is the basis of its knowability," for this is what the reader of German philosophers expects; but we are not all readers of German philosophy. Again, those who attended the International Congress of Catholic Psychiatrists presumably understood Dr. Zilboorg's ugly terminology; but it will not be clear to everybody. Moreover the writing of most continental intellectuals needs to be soothed before it sounds well to English ears. The translation of Erik Peterson's "Theology of Clothes" makes the truth of this apparent.

But it would be misleading to end on this note. The editors of *Selection II* set themselves an exceedingly difficult task; that they have not been entirely successful should be no cause for surprise. What they have in fact done is to present the common reader with a book that will interest and enlighten him. Above all it will help him to grasp more fully the significance of the Catholic faith; and for this we should be most grateful.

COLIN P. MACÍVOR



## THE EXTERNALS OF WORSHIP

*The External of the Catholic Church: A Handbook of Catholic Usage*, by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John F. Sullivan (Longmans 18s 6d).

THIS HANDBOOK is a much more comprehensive and useful volume than either its title or sub-title suggest. But a Publisher's Note explains its real aim and scope: "The original intention of the author was to bring together in a readable form a mass of information found only in widely scattered sources. The book was designed chiefly for the Catholic layman so that without considerable study he might have a satisfactory knowledge of the history and significance of the visible features of his religion." First published in America in 1917, it has been brought up to date in subsequent editions until in 1951 a further new edition completely revised and considerably re-written by Father John C. O'Leary, Ph.D., was published. The present book, the first English edition, is based on this final revision and has been duly adapted in conformity with English usage.

Divided into eight chapters, it covers the whole field of Catholic life and practice and contains a mine of information rarely found collected together so conveniently. Priests will doubtless find it an admirable book of reference for catechetical instruction as well as for instructing converts and a refresher course in all that concerns the active life of a Catholic. It can be confidently recommended for the same reasons alike to the born Catholic and to the recent convert.

In general, the treatment is adequate and accurate without being diffuse. In most cases, particularly those most commonly misunderstood or misrepresented by persons outside the Church, the Catholic doctrine is stated with admirable clarity, e.g., the section on Indulgences. Equally commendable are the chapters on the administration of the Sacraments and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. At the end of many of the sections, however, the author adds a few moral reflections which strike one as rather out of place. Coming as they do after a brilliant exposition of a great truth, they seem rather trite and pedestrian.

While on the whole the information is accurate and trustworthy and the diction correct, there are a few occasions when the author rather slips up: e.g., subdeaconship and deaconship. In the prayers at Extreme Unction, the names of Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph have been inserted in the *Editio Typica* of the *Rituale Romanum* at least since 1925. The Subdeacon's vestments are not specifically blessed at his ordination. The "penance" for those who receive the Tonsure is not merely the Seven Penitential Psalms but also the Litanies of the Saints with the versicles and response. Most serious of all is the author's treatment of the Relics of the True Cross, where one can hardly be expected to endorse his statement that "It is possible, however, that



many of the alleged fragments of the True Cross which are preserved and venerated in various places are genuine, as its discovery is probably an historical event, being fairly well authenticated, and it is likely that so great a relic would be kept and guarded with considerable care." Surely in these days no relic of the True Cross is exposed for public veneration unless it has been duly authenticated by the competent authorities and that authentication is a guarantee that it is indeed a genuine fragment of the original Cross of Christ.

The practical value of the book is further enhanced by line-drawing illustrations from the pen of William Cladek and by a very full and complete index.

R. C. CLARKE

## SHORTER NOTICES

*A Stranger in Spain*, by H. V. Morton (Methuen 18s).

A PENCHANT FOR HISTORY enlivens this travel book, and Mr. Morton has the knack of potted biography, whether of Ferdinand of Aragon, whose ambition "was to arrange a defensive barrage of marriage beds around France," or of the Cid, who turned Valencia into a Christian province, or of St. John of the Cross, whose more mundane experiences are here recalled. And he sees St. Teresa as a good second to Don Quixote, "lance in hand, anxious to redress the wrongs of the world." So many points of contact does the author find with our own history that Spain appears indeed to be something of an *imperium in imperio*. In the English College at Valladolid he was shown into "a hall that might have been in England, perhaps a corridor in Stonyhurst or in the Birmingham Oratory. I was struck by the Englishness of everything, the way the chairs were standing against the wall, the linoleum, the pictures."

The author is nothing if not resourceful. He held a conversation, behind the grille, with the abbess of the celebrated Cistercian nunnery of Las Huelgas near Burgos, he spent a night in the abbey of Montserrat, and he attended a Mozarabic Mass in Toledo. His remarks on cuisine and what he calls "the Byzantine belt of cookery"—too often neglected by topographers—are both piquant and helpful to prospective travellers. While strangely silent on the line of Catalan *fantaisistes*—Gaudi, Picasso and Dali—he shrewdly appraises the work of Gil de Siloe, whose gallery of sculptured medieval women enriches Burgos Cathedral, and has an appreciative eye for *reja* and *retablo* and for the tapestries of Pastrana.

From La Coruna to Jerez, from Roncesvalles to Granada, he sweeps

across the country by car and bus, dallying in Old Castille and making an aerial excursion from Madrid to Barcelona. Ingeniously he succeeds in presenting yet another Spain, whence emerges, however, the now familiar pattern of idealism and realism in conflict.

*South from Naples*, by Roger Peyrefitte (Thames and Hudson 21s).

THIS BOOK deserved to be translated by Sir John McEwen if only because it has all the gaiety of a Frenchman who can understand and describe without mockery or irreverence the astonishing religious antics to be observed in Naples as well as south of it. He watches the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood, does not attempt to explain it, but brushes aside the silly rationalist explanations that have been offered. He has displayed a fantastic industry—resolving, for example, to visit *all* the Neapolitan churches: but he is very far from being just a Baedeker. We move, enchanted and slightly nervous, dominated by Vesuvius and Etna (for he goes to Sicily too), and pick our way among the roses and ruins over the crust of crafty ash hiding flame beneath the flowers. But it is less of Horace or even Virgil that we now think than of Theocritus in this land that seems to us almost more Greek than Greece itself. We sympathise with M. Peyrefitte when he is a little hurt by finding inscriptions hostile to the French, but subdue a chuckle when he has his thrill on recognising Norman names in the old mosaics. We share his disgust when even here the world is vulgarised by the production of a "Miss Sicily," even a "Miss Sibyl," but are not at all reminded, by the prancing processions at Catania, of Lucian and Apuleius! Is not the "oddly-named" "Convulsion of Sicily" just a copy of Raphael's *Lo Spasimo*, the anguish of Our Lady when meeting her Son carrying His cross, a copy that has found its way to that island? The translation is excellent, for how hard it is to translate even official French into genuine English; but how much harder to translate a cheerful, almost conversational, book like this without the French staring through the English! Sometimes we hesitated about the proper names. Thus "Osque" defeated us at first till we saw that it was the same as our "Oscan." And the front of Mr. Gunter Boehmer's book-jacket seemed to us merely an ugly scrawl, till the back displayed his economy and brilliance; many of his drawings fascinated us, even the tail-pieces, like his peacock. A light-heartedly learned book, full of delicious vignettes and anecdotes!

*Damien the Leper*, by John Farrow (Sheed and Ward 8s 6d).

MOST OF THOSE who remember Fr. Damien at all, do so probably because of R. L. Stevenson's famous letter, occasioned by the ignoble one written by the Rev. Mr. Hyde; and they know that he died

of leprosy contracted in Molokai. Here is a book based on a firm documentation, but also as brilliant in its descriptions of the Islands as it is terrible when it deals with the lepers—not only because of their appalling appearance, but because of the misery into which civilised nations allowed them to subside. We were astounded to learn how late leprosy arrived there, but not that it (like tuberculosis and syphilis) was imported from elsewhere. Much has been learnt about leprosy since Damien's time: England, inspired not least by a splendid speech of King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, has done much to develop both knowledge and tendance there. When the lepers were herded off into part of Molokai, Damien volunteered to go into life-exile there, and is still, as the author found, almost a patron saint of the island under the name of Kamiano. We are specially grateful that Mr. Farrow has written history, and no idealised romance. Damien certainly became autocratic, sometimes irascible, and apt to expect his colleagues (when after a while he had some) to work as titanically hard as he did. We must not fail to offer our homage to the nuns who, there and elsewhere, devote their lives to the service of these stricken men and women. Their spiritual glory quite eclipses in our imagination the story of scientific and hygienic developments in leper-settlements: we have seen that however great these be, extreme self-sacrifice is still demanded of all who work there. In our heart we wish that Damien's relics had been allowed to remain where he laboured "even unto death."

*Dylan Thomas, A literary study*, by Derek Stanford (Neville Spearman 15s).

MR. STANFORD'S BOOK is the third which has appeared in English on Dylan Thomas, its predecessors being those by Mr. Henry Treece and Professor Elder Olson of Chicago. The present book is conceived as a useful companion volume to the *Collected Poems* and deals in some detail with sixty-four of the ninety poems therein contained. There is an unsatisfactory first chapter on "The Myth and the Man," and the book concludes with a survey of Thomas's prose and "drama"—to which is appended a brief bibliography.

As a guide to the poems, many readers will find this book illuminating and helpful. The treatment of the 18 *Poems* is good; that of some of the later poems less satisfactory. Mr. Stanford can make little of the *Altarwise by owl-light* sequence (to which Professor Olson appears to have discovered the key); he quotes St. Paul everywhere save in *Romans* vi, 9, for *And death shall have no dominion*. No authority is adduced for his statement that *Vision and Prayer* "describes the birth of one of the poet's children"—an interpretation at odds with its title and content, and the syntax of the first stanza of *Poem in October* is wrenched

unnecessarily. In a comment upon religious imagery, he underestimates what is in fact a striking preponderance of non-Protestant allusions.

It is unfortunate that the writer should have introduced, in the inadequate paragraphs he devotes to Thomas as a Welshman, terminology which the poet would have hooted at: "Cymric," "Celtic"—even "the Gaels" and Matthew Arnold's extraordinary generalisations upon "Celtic literature." A reference to "hell-fire sermons preached at evening service in some of the Welsh chapels" confirms one's suspicion that Mr. Stanford's knowledge of the country and culture which produced Dylan Thomas—a knowledge fundamental to a full understanding of the poet—amounts to no more than a piece of English romanticism.

*Obedient Men*, by Denis Meadows (Longmans 12s 6d).

THIS IS A DESCRIPTION of ten years spent in the Society of Jesus by a young man who left it just after America's entrance into the first World War. Reading this book as though we had never met any Jesuits and knew nothing, even mythical, of their training, and allowing of course for some inevitable recasting of memory, refocusing of perspectives, and so forth, we meet with a consistent and kindly picture of what such a life may have been fifty to forty years ago. We then recall that the book does not profess to give an account of a complete life in the Society, for normally there would have remained for the writer some more years of teaching, three or four years of theology, the crisis of ordination, the "third year" of probation, and only then would his final vows have been taken and life as a priest begun. But the book carefully stays within its own limits and is complete in itself, and no merely truncated version of a total experience. We get the impression that Mr. Meadows lived in a transitional period. It was so, anyhow for him, since he had become a Catholic not long before his "ten years" started, but he does not relate what led him to take a step after which a man needs time, we imagine, to regain—or, for the first time, gain—his spiritual equilibrium. But studies, too, were in a somewhat confused state, not only because of the panic due to Modernism, but because it was felt they needed to be amplified. Thus, besides the normal course of scholastic philosophy he seems to have studied a fair amount of science, but not, so far as we can judge, any history, nor to have been able to form a view of his own country and of its drift (already discernible) towards a new sort of world. He did indeed get a glimpse of it owing to the late Fr. Plater, who was beginning that social study and work which has so remarkably developed ever since. He writes enthusiastically of this priest and also of the late Fr. R. Stewart to whom his appreciation

of philosophy owed so much; in fact it is pleasant to read so kindly an account of his superiors, though he encountered a few of an older generation who firmly held any form of mysticism to be alien to his vocation, but set an example of those "solid virtues" which more than ever are needed in so unstable a world. The author's sense of humour never injures his courtesy, nor is reticence neglected when, we surmise, the profounder levels of the spiritual life are reached. We mean, that Mr. Meadows describes the formation of men who will be ready to lead lives on the whole humdrum and to work hard at their unadventurous tasks without any hope of this-worldly rewards; but though he describes the impact of "retreats" upon him and shows how some at least of those with whom he associated were entirely governed by the wish to be conformed to Jesus Christ, he rightly says nothing of the interior conflicts, anguish or hard-earned triumphs that any man, so dedicated, must experience as truly as those for whom, for example, St. John of the Cross or St. Teresa wrote.

*Dead Man in the Silver Market*, by Aubrey Menen (Chatto and Windus 8s 6d).

THE JACKET forewarns us of our doom should we in any way qualify our praise of this book "which will infuriate the sourpusses, the solemn owls and those whose minds run in grooves, and will delight the rest of us." Well, "No doubt but you are the people," said long-suffering Job; and alas to be excluded from the company of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Bloomsbury, the hierophantic, though rather cattish, B.B.C. Critics; the arched eyebrows, the pitying smile, the polite disdain of successive generations of Them. The author's ancestors on his mother's side were Irish, on his father's, Nayars of Malabar, and he was educated in England, has settled in Italy, and, to judge by his earlier joyous books, nothing would annoy him more than a visit from Them. He has not, he says, eradicated his "itch to harry the English," but then he exhibits the "Indians" in a way calculated to provoke mockery or disgust, which is more serious, since we are less likely to know what they really are. He dismisses Ireland in a page and a half. He sub-titles his book "An Autobiographical Essay on National Pride," and while he rightly exalts love of one's country and distinguishes patriotism from nationalism, he spends nearly all his time puncturing "absurdities," without, for example, Lytton Strachey's pretence of scholarship, but no less superficially. His chapter about his Indian grandmother is the most interesting and, we suppose, not inaccurate. His chapter, "The Last Nabobs," is quite unfair, and spitefully so, about what sent the last two generations of civil servants to India and what they did there: but his chapter, "Gardening Notes," while arguing that Protestants and



Catholics don't now torture and murder one another (because each "side" is occupied with other than religious thoughts), suggests that Christians are nowhere being tortured and killed for their Faith, which is false. His book will hardly "infuriate," but may cause us (if not Them) to regret that just when encouragement all round is most needed, it should, by omitting all that is best and most hopeful, risk the reproach of vulgarity.

*Soldiers Bathing, and Other Poems*, by F. T. Prince (The Fortune Press 8s 6d).

MR. PRINCE'S "Love Poems" are not simple pastiche of seventeenth-century poetry, for in them Donne's intellectual ingenuity is exaggerated whereas his passion plays little part. The poet claims,

I am your man, and you  
To me are merely woman, and we two  
Like anybody else now kiss, and do

—but the reader is not entirely convinced, since the rest of this poem sets forth love as a mathematical game to be played, rather unhumorously, by the exceedingly self-conscious. The machinery of "metaphysical poetry" is in these verses, the argument is finely drawn out, but the heart seems to have stayed at home. Such round and warming phrases as "the erotic provinces of hell" are all too rare. More often the poet succeeds, only too well for a poet, in his ambition to

wither with the force of our idea  
The world of visible phenomena.

The well-known "Soldiers Bathing" is less ingenious—if still a little too "cultured" perhaps—and more moving. The other long poems in this book fall beneath the standard it sets: they are collections of words without a centre.

*Being and Becoming*, by D. J. B. Hawkins (Sheed and Ward 10s 6d).

DR. HAWKINS has produced a very capable introduction to the metaphysics of Aristotle and St. Thomas. As one of his own summaries indicates:

In the attempt to build a critical metaphysic we look back to Aristotle for a structural design which has not been superseded and to Aquinas for an epistemological and ontological foundation in the awareness of being, and we accept from more recent philosophy the stimulus to a more consistent and systematic critical approach than was possible before the problems of knowledge received the amount of attention that they have received in modern times.

His book is one of the most consistent attempts in English to put the ideas of the traditional philosophy into language that can be understood by modern thinkers and to supplement them by personal constructions where adaptation is not possible. The work includes a reconsideration of the theme of the author's earlier book on *Causality and Implication* and covers a wide range of arguments within the compass of twelve chapters. It is to be hoped that some of the more personal ideas will be taken up again by the author and treated more at length; in particular the idea of analogy of being needs more elaboration. St. Thomas himself was so much influenced here by the pseudo-Denis and the miscalled *Theology of Aristotle* (and therefore by Plotinus) that, although he strives against their influence, he presents in his analogy of proportionality what is no more than the foundation for the negative knowledge of God, as Edith Stein amongst others has recognised. The Spanish Thomist school of the sixteenth century, with its theory of the analogy of attribution, makes this corner of metaphysics much more habitable and provides the most satisfactory answer to the critic who brings up objections—as they have been brought up against Dr. Hawkins in *The Times Literary Supplement*—based on a view that being is univocal. It is safe to say that there is no part of the traditional philosophy less familiar than the theory of analogy to the modern critical philosopher. One may hope that Dr. Hawkins will return to this and bring to bear upon it his undoubted gifts of clear exposition and harmonisation.

*The Layman in the Church*, by Michael de la Bedoyère (Burns and Oates 10s 6d).

THE AUTHOR says that this is a "personal essay," and that at fifty he sees more deeply into his Faith than he used to. He certainly need not be timid about acknowledging this: we may trust that anyone who "thinks and practises" his religion seriously and humbly will find it ever richer and more revealing as time goes on: we have even known men who fancied they had "lost" their Faith or never had truly believed so far, simply because they had suddenly come to realise much more of its measurable meaning, challenges and offerings. We think that Michael de la Bedoyère is anxious because while priest and layman are certainly "different," too often the wrong kind of difference exists between them. The priest may be felt as "superimposed" upon the laity and not to be criticised: to be almost a universal autocratic oracle. This was not always so. In the Early Church, laymen played a happy and very vocal part, and St. Paul knew himself to be their servant, even though personally and by vocation he towered so high above them. Even after Trent, the laity were extremely active, especially in France,

and they would have been in England had St. Thomas More been allowed to have a posterity. Then we think that the author is distressed because Catholics make little if any impression on the *nation*. Do not leakage and conversions almost cancel out? Priests are so dreadfully hard-driven that (especially in these days of form-filling) they can hardly do more than keep the better-disposed of their flock regularly at Mass and the Sacraments and do their best to alleviate the discomforts of the poorer ones. Often they are too tired, at end of the day, to read, even if they have acquired the taste for it. Even they can hardly study those Scriptures, knowledge of which would so vastly enrich their sermons! The author can certainly be cheered by the work done by Catholic laymen (and increasingly, and notably, lay-women) who write, knowing the world they live in. But they are too few, and names fade very fast! Only a minority ever read Maurice Baring, but who does now? The great laymen like the Comte de Mun, or Léon Harmel (we don't forget Mr. A. Turner!) scarcely reproduce themselves, though almost two generations ago Fr. E. Hull wrote that this would be the Century of the Layman, and (we think) Bishop Casartelli said much the same. But despite Pius XI's ideal of *Azione Cattolica*, better Englished as "the Apostolate of the Laity," we have many laymen who have lifted the Catholic Press to a vastly higher standard, but that is still talking to ourselves. We have no voice to which our land must listen. True, even if we had, the Press and other organs of publicity would try to mute it: but we have not enough laymen who know enough, care enough, and dare enough. Yet, after all, holiness is what is needed; and all will rejoice with Michael de la Bedoyère that it looks as if more laymen will be canonised. Certainly Pius XI looked forward to that! Perhaps, if we did preach a braver gospel, we should find more to follow it.

*The Development of the Papacy*, by H. Burn-murdoch (Faber 42s).

**M**R. BURN-MURDOCH courageously attempts to give the reader who has little time for study an adequate presentation of the historical arguments for and against the Papacy; to attain fairness he has consulted two Anglican experts and one Catholic. Following a method similar to the *Sic et Non* of the early scholastics the question is summarised; then the Catholic, followed by the non-Catholic response is given. Over half the book is devoted to the first five hundred years of the history of the Papacy; the last part is therefore little more than a sketch.

The effort to be fair is manifest but, as the writer says, one cannot satisfy everyone. It may be questioned, however, whether it is just always to give the non-Catholic the last word. Unfortunately no im-

partial arbiter exists. The author allows for the doctrine of development but fails to understand it; for that, the reader should be referred to Mgr. Draguet's excellent article in *Apologétique*. As Harnack and Jalland, both non-Catholics, make a strong case for papal supremacy in the early Church a statement of their views would have helped the type of reader envisaged by the author. It is unfair to explain *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* without reference to the teaching of Pius IX on invincible ignorance.

The real criticism of the book is that it does not attain its end. The professional student will find in it a valuable work of reference; but it is difficult to see how the intelligent reader who has little time for detailed study can make up his mind with its aid. If he does not worship the printed word the book will awaken, without satisfying, his appetite for knowledge. Honest intellectual conviction would demand a lifetime's study. Fundamentally though the author is a layman prominent in the Scottish Episcopal Church the approach suggested seems to be rationalistic.

*La Servante de Dieu: Marie-Élisabeth de Luppé.* by J. Grivet, S.J. (Paris, n.p.)

THE HISTORY of the Society of Marie-Auxiliatrice, during the first generation, is so strange as to deserve a whole book to itself. The Foundress, Blessed Marie-Thérèse de Soubiran, had the experience of being driven out of the Society which she had created by a brilliant woman of erratic temperament who had really made her way into the Society by fraud. We recall, too, how the Foundress of the Cenacle was forced into absolute obscurity by the intrigues and then the sheer tyranny of a dominating nun. The essence of Mère de Luppé's life was really that she preserved the spirit, no less than the constitution of Marie-Auxiliatrice during the long years of usurpation. When Mère Marie-François suddenly disappeared, Marie-Élisabeth was unanimously elected Mother General, and under her rule the Society achieved both its expansion and its stability. The features of Mère de Soubiran seem to us more childlike than Mère de Luppé's: all the more appalling were the sufferings, humiliations and loneliness the gentle Sister had to endure. But the wise good-natured smile of Mère de Luppé must not disguise the fact that she too suffered terribly both in body and mind till her death in 1903. A quite admirably illustrated booklet, *The Society of Marie-Auxiliatrice*, displaying the manifold work of the Society, can be obtained from the Manor House, East End Road, Finchley, London, N.3.

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